

Leatherneck

OCT. 1960

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

30c

THE LAST
BANANA WAR
★
Objective:
Enemy Beach



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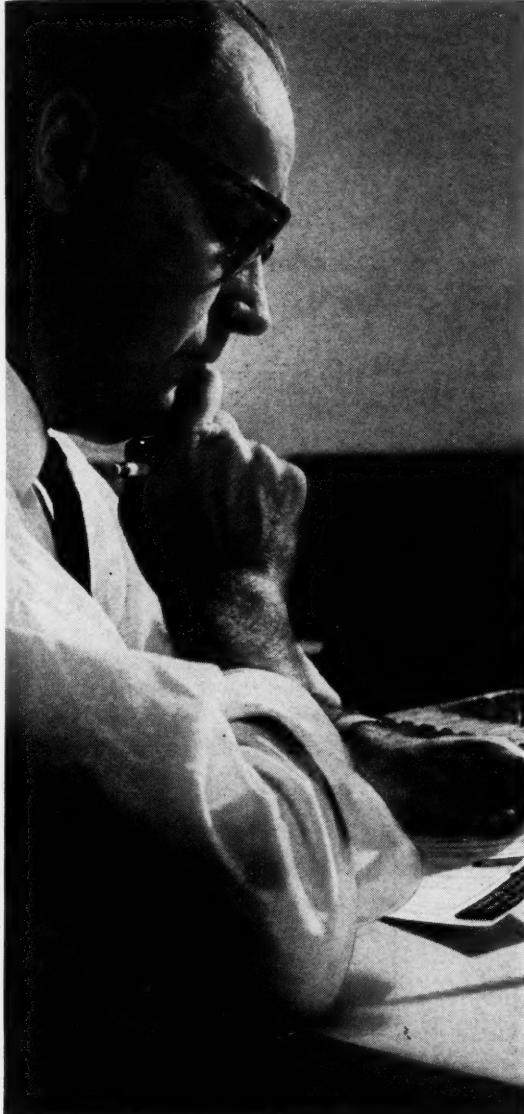
COPY 1



POLTROON? FOR MANY YEARS THE U. S. NAVY ISSUED EMBLEMS WITH THE EAGLE FACING LEFT; SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE SOMEONE DISCOVERED THAT THIS WASN'T CORRECT. IT ALL STEMS FROM AN ANCIENT TRADITION ABOUT THE EAGLE FACING THE SWORD ARM, FOR IF HE (THE EAGLE) FACED LEFT IT WAS A SIGN OF A COWARD! THE TRADITION WAS SAVED! THE EAGLE IS NOW FACING RIGHT, NO LONGER THE POLTROON. ALONG WITH THIS AND OTHER TRADITIONS, THE GUIDEBOOK FOR MARINES HAS BECOME A TRADITION ALONG WITH THE GUNNERY SERGEANT AND THE MARINE BAND. HOWEVER, WHILE THIS STILL REMAINS TRUE, THE CONTENTS OF THE SEVENTH REVISED EDITION MUST BREAK WITH TRADITION, CHANGES MUST BE MADE. EVERYTHING IN THE LATEST EDITION HAS BEEN BROUGHT UP-TO-DATE. TWO NEW CHAPTERS, THE BAYONET AND THE 81-MM. MORTAR WERE THE BIGGEST JOB OF REVISION. IT DOESN'T STOP THERE THOUGH, EVERY PAGE AND EVERY PICTURE WAS GONE OVER BY EXPERTS IN THAT PARTICULAR FIELD . . . FROM MAP READING TO BATTALION ORGANIZATION . . . OVER 350 NEW PICTURES AND SKETCHS WERE MADE TO REPLACE THE OLD. THE NEW GUIDEBOOK FOR MARINES, NO POLTROON, IS NOW ON SALE AT ALL MARINE EXCHANGES AT THE SAME OLD TRADITIONAL PRICE, \$1.50.

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WILL THEY LIVE IN A PEACEFUL WORLD? Lots of Americans do more than "hope so". They're buying U.S. Savings Bonds to help pay for the strength America needs to help keep the world at peace.



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Leatherneck

THIS MONTH'S COVER



The Banana War Marine, as depicted by this month's cover artist, Colonel Donald L. Dickson, was lean, leathery and level-eyed. He patrolled Nicaragua's swamps for weeks at a time. Being a Marine, he rode whenever possible, using a single mounting stirrup because his animal was too small for ordinary stirrups. To find out about the type of war he fought, read Part I of The Last Banana War, beginning on page 38.

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Second class postage at Washington, D. C., and additional points. **Subscription Prices:** 1 Yr., \$3; 2 Yrs., \$5.50; 3 Yrs., \$7.50; 4 Yrs., \$9.00.

Opinions of Authors whose articles appear in Leatherneck do not necessarily express the attitude of the Navy Department or of Marine Corps Headquarters.

Manuscripts, art or photographs should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage.

The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs.

Advertising Rates upon application to Advertising Department, Leatherneck Magazine, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

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Edited by AMSgt Francis J. Kulluson

T/O WEAPON FOR BUGLERS

Dear Sir:

In the last 18 months that I have been with an FMF unit there has been a considerable mixup as to what my T/O weapon is in the field.

My MOS is 5591 (Field Music Bugler) and according to the U. S. Marine Corps Manual for field musics (1935), page 81, it states that a field music on field duty is normally armed with a pistol. However, the T/O (Table of Organization) for my unit does not show this, therefore, the M1 Rifle has been my weapon.

My first sergeant who was a music, also agrees with me that I should be armed with a pistol as the duties I perform are made difficult with a rifle.

Could you settle this mixup by telling me what the T/O weapon is for a music on field duty?

LCpl E. A. Norman

H&S Co., 1stBn., (1stMar) 7thMar
1st Marine Division, FMF

Camp Pendleton, Calif.

● G-3, Training Branch, HQMC, commented as follows:

"The T/O weapon for Field Music Buglers in all infantry battalions is the M1 Rifle. At his discretion, a Commanding Officer may temporarily arm a Music with a pistol for various purposes, such as sounding calls for the guard of the day in garrison.

"Attention is invited to the fact that the "Manual For Field Musics" of 1935 is quite out of date. The latest publication of this type is "Manual for Drummers and Buglers (1959)", available as part of Marine Corps Institute Course 55.4."—Ed.

RESERVE STATUS

Dear Sir:

I am 21 years old and a six-month Reservist obligated for eight years, three of which I have already served.

Recently I was offered a job with the American Telephone and Telegraph Co.,

which means that for a period of approximately 18 months I would be working anywhere from North Carolina to New York—each job lasting from three to four weeks.

I am very much interested in the possibilities offered by this type of work, but my work locations would conflict with my Reserve duty.

Does the Marine Corps offer any plan that would take care of a situation of this type?

PFC Richard L. Van Ness
11 N. Linden St., Apt-9

Richmond 20, Va.

● Research Officer, Division of Re-

serve, HQMC, gave us this information:

"PFC Van Ness acquired an eight year military obligation under the terms of Section 262 of the Armed Forces Reserve Act of 1952, as amended, and the Universal Military Training and Service Act of 1951, as amended.

"PFC Van Ness is required by the terms of Title 10, U. S. Code 270, to:

"(a) participate in at least 48 scheduled drills or training periods during each year and serve on active duty for training not more than 17 days during each year;

"(b) serve on active duty for training for not more than 30 days during each year.

"The law further provides that in any year in which the member fails to satisfactorily perform the training duty prescribed, he may, without consent, be ordered to perform additional active duty for training for not more than 45 days. In addition, the law provides that if the involuntary active duty for training fails to induce satisfactory participation, the member may be certified to the Selective Service System for induction ahead of all others."—Ed.

PROMOTIONS

Dear Sir:

On June 9, 1944, I entered the Marine Corps Reserve under the selective serv-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5)



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CORPS

Quiz

1. A drill squad is a group of men formed for the purpose of _____.
 - (a) marching
 - (b) discipline, control and instruction
 - (c) getting from one place to another, fast
2. The squad leader, when in ranks, is posted as the _____.
 - (a) left man in the front rank
 - (b) right man in the front rank
 - (c) left man in the rear rank
3. At the command, "Close ranks, March," the file closers take _____ paces forward.
 - (a) five
 - (b) three
 - (c) four
4. At the command, "Take interval to the right," the rear rank men _____.
 - (a) march backward four steps
 - (b) march forward four steps
 - (c) march backward five steps
5. At the command, "Right turn, March," the movement is completed on the _____ step.
 - (a) tenth
 - (b) ninth
 - (c) eleventh
6. The drill platoon consists of _____.
 - (a) four platoons
7. When the platoon is in column of squads the platoon sergeant is _____.
 - (a) to the left front
 - (b) to the right in the rear rank
 - (c) to the left rear
8. When necessary, guides and file closers lengthen their step to approximately _____ to contribute to the smoothness of movements.
 - (a) 30 inches
 - (b) 33 inches
 - (c) 35 inches
9. Being in line (platoon drill) at the command, "Squads right," the right guide takes two steps forward, faces to the right in marching, takes _____ and marks time.
 - (a) two steps,
 - (b) three steps,
 - (c) one step,
10. During platoon drill, at the command, "On right into line," the leading guide faces to the right in marching and takes post _____.
 - (a) by the most direct practicable route
 - (b) by left and right face in marching
 - (c) on the double

See answers on page 9. Score 10 points for each correct answer, 10 to 30 Fair; 40 to 60 Good; 70 to 80 Excellent; 90 to 100 outstanding.

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 3]

ice in a III "B" category and I was discharged on June 15, 1946. I enlisted in the Marine Corps on October 4, 1956. If I reenlist for six years in October of this year would I be eligible to select a retraining or other option on a first reenlistment basis?

At the present time are the qualifications for promotion to sergeant (E-5) set forth by Headquarters or are they left to the discretion of the commanding officer?

Have the results of the Technical Test and GMST always been given in terms of a number of points above or below passing, and what is the purpose in so doing?

ASgt Guy F. Rowe
MASS-3, MWHG, 3dMAW, FMF, Pac
El Toro, Calif.

Head, Enlisted Section, Promotion Branch, HQMC, answered your queries as follows:

"Question #1: Negative inasmuch as his reenlistment in October 1960 will be considered his second reenlistment. Marine Corps Order 1133.15A

authorizes these options on first reenlistments only.

"Question #2: When a man meets all the qualifications for promotion and possesses a composite score equal to or above for his particular occupational field during a promotion period announced by the Commandant of the



Marine Corps, the final determination for promotion rests with his commanding officer.

"Question #3: The score given to personnel administered General Military Subjects Tests or Technical Tests indicates the actual number of correct answers made by each Marine on the test. In addition, a score was given for each General Military Subjects Test and Technical Test administered to show all commanding officers the number of correct responses required to demonstrate possession of the minimum acceptable degree of knowledge in the particular promotional channel at the

specific pay grade. This information was furnished commanding officers as an administrative tool in assisting them in evaluating the effectiveness of their training and self study programs."—Ed.

LOST DISCHARGE

Dear Sir:

I have lost my Marine Corps Discharge. Please let me know how I can get another copy.

Ronald J. Segen
5236 S. Peoria St.
Chicago 9, Ill.

● A copy of your discharge can be obtained by writing to the Commandant, Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Personnel Department, Records Branch, (Code DGK), Washington 25, D. C.

Be sure to include your date of enlistment, date of discharge and your service number.—Ed.

CONUS ORDERS

Dear Sir:

My husband is stationed in Okinawa and will be there until July 1, 1961. I would like to know if he will be informed as to where he will be stationed

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

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the old gunny says...

SOMETIMES I wake up at night wondering how we would do if a small force of Marines was suddenly thrown into one of these nasty little situations involving civil disorder in a friendly country, aid against armed partisans and insurrectionists—or protection and evacuation of American nationals in a hostile foreign land. I'm sure that eventually we would do well. Certainly such tasks are not new to the Marine Corps. But the fact remains that in our concentration upon training in assault landing techniques and operations against organized military forces, we tend to neglect the more distasteful type of small war and police actions. How much training time is devoted to mob control, riot duty techniques, guerrilla tactics and the handling of civilian disorders and evacuations? Any daily paper reminds us of these possible problems that can face a military force today. The necessary tactics and techniques are usually far removed from the 'assault of a fortified position'—and are rarely found in a handy Field Manual. Yet they deserve our equal consideration.

"Some of the things that troop leaders must include in their plans and procedures for the sudden police role are:

"A high degree of readiness to move by air or sea with the proper equipment.

"Stress the importance of military appearance. First impressions are important. Disorderly civilians or insurrectionists are struck by the contrast in appearance of professional troops who move efficiently in an orderly manner. Uniforms and equipment must be correct and neat. The Marines must display a military bearing and proper courtesy. Contact with civilians should be firm, dignified and of unquestioned authority. Military vehicles and camps should present a high standard of appearance.

"Our troops will be under constant observation by friend and foe who will

note any laxness in military standards as signs of weakness. It should be understood that our operations will demand the most strict control and discipline of our own forces. All military standards and administrative discipline must be high from the outset of the deployment.

"There must be no fraternization with civilians initially—or until friend and enemy are well recognized. Until then, attitudes should be businesslike and neutral. Eventually, friendliness with the local population may be permitted to promote people-to-people understanding. Good troops can be ambassadors of good will as well as guardians of peace and order.

"Of course, in any such operation, all hands must be well-informed and oriented as to the political situation and reasons for their intervention or employment. Subsequently, they should be kept abreast of the changing situation and the results of their efforts."

* * *

"In dealing with the partisan forces or unfriendly elements of the local populace, security becomes of extreme importance to the military units. The enemy may be difficult to identify. He is familiar with the local terrain. He can take cover among innocent civilians—and he can strike in unusual and unexpected ways. The military force must depend upon its local security techniques, which are never relaxed, and its well-coordinated organization. Organization, mobility and fire power are primary strengths of the military force in such situations. Units should not be fractured into small groups that can be ambushed and destroyed by hostile action.

"In much of our modern training for combat against regular forces we have been stressing dispersion and unit separation. In police actions or anti-guerrilla operations our security will be better with closer formations and compact administrative facilities. Perim-

eter defense, tight bivouacs, protected camp sites and secure supply installations are needed. These require less security effort and interior guard than do dispersed installations and formations. Troops can be more quickly assembled and controlled. Administra-



tion is more effective.

"Police action to aid our allies in keeping order or to protect American interests is an old function for Marines—but the tactics and techniques of trouble-makers in many parts of the world today present us with a growing challenge to be ready to cope with the most difficult forms of irregular warfare."

END

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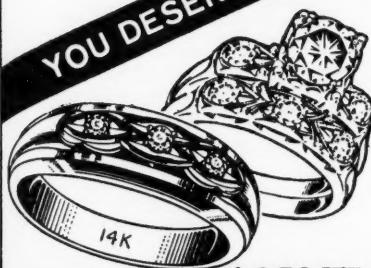
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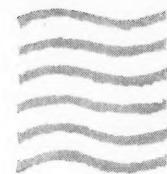
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smiled in a condescending manner, said I was awfully
sorry he felt that way about me, and
smashed him one on the snoot!"**

Leatherneck Magazine

**MAIL
CALL**



**Leatherneck receives many letters
requesting information concerning
members of the Marine Corps, and
other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to
our readers.**

**To avoid errors, all names and
addresses must be printed or typed.**

Robert Pepin, 895 South 6th Ave., Kankakee, Ill., to hear from Captain Jacob H. DURAN whose last known address was 29 Palms.

* * *

Robert Wyatt, 100 Courtland Dr., Montgomery 5, Ala., to hear from AGySgt Thomas HOWLETT, whose last known address was Quantico.

* * *

LCpl Terry Briscoe, 1608 Los Bolas, San Clemente, Calif., to hear from LCpl Mike MARTIN, whose last known address was Okinawa.

* * *

MSgt John Frye (Retd), 29 Murdock Ct., Brooklyn 23, N. Y., to hear from MSgt John RUSSELL and MSgt Richard DRISCOLL.

* * *

William Hahn, Grant St., Rockville, Conn., to hear from 1stSgt Ralph B. HOME, whose last known address was South Carolina.

* * *

Robert L. Hammer, 3319 Cornell St., Des Moines 13, Iowa, to hear from anyone stationed at MCSC Barstow (MRI 13) between 1953 and 1956.

* * *

Adolph Patterson, 910 7th St., Miami Beach, Fla., to hear from anyone stationed at Indian Head, Md., in 1943-1944.

* * *

Cpl Charles Foster, Box 1266, Zwolle, La., to hear from Cpl John W. DEAN, service number 1606518.

* * *

Shirley M. Sousa, 1066 Broad St., Providence, R. I., to hear from Rene LaCOURSE whose last known address was in Hawaii.

* * *

Edward A. Dieckmann, 3920 Milan St., San Diego, Calif., to hear from anyone who served with Major Louis

CUKEL
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2d Ave
from W
William F
POULS

Pvt
New F
Alfred
address

PFC
Bn, T
cisco, C
ETTE
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one
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lin, I
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SSg
WAA
Sgt

CUKELA or Lieutenant Colonel Earl Hancock ELLIS.

* * *

Reverend Ben D. Varner, 10390 N. E. 2d Ave., Miami Shores, Fla., to hear from W. C. BRANDON, Captain William BONSALL and MSgt Carl R. POULSON.

* * *

Pvt Lance Tabaka, H&MS-26, MCAF, New River, N. C., to hear from Pvt Alfred DePALMER whose last known address was Camp Lejeune.

* * *

PFC Aubrey Lipford, "L" Bty., 4th Bn., Twelfth Marines, FPO, San Francisco, to hear from Pvt Elton C. PRUETTE whose last known address was Parris Island.

* * *

Mrs. Ronald Greene, 2114 81st St., Brooklyn 14, N. Y., to hear from anyone who served with Ronald J. GREENE, service number 1126430.

* * *

ASSgt Patrick Daily, 42 Maple House, Mespil Flats, Sussex Rd., Dublin, Ireland, to hear from anyone he has served with in the past.

* * *

SSgt E. M. Addington, Box 2, Hq., WAADS, Fort Lee, Va., to hear from Sgt John CHANCE, Sgt Charles

AYCOCK, or anyone who was with Base Motor Transport, Camp Pendleton, from September, 1954 to August, 1956.

* * *

MSgt Colman Lambert, 1322 Crane St., Rome, Ga., to hear from PFC Robert HANDLWHICH, PFC Clement GAMACHE, Sgt Robert BECKER, C. E. WILLIAMS or MSgt Theodore GRIFFIN.

* * *

Sgt Russ Shroyer, Marine Corps Recruiting Office, New Albany, Ind., to hear from 1stSgt MANNING who served aboard the USS Pensacola in 1945, or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Lieutenant Ranlet Miner, H&S Co., MCSS, Montford Point, Camp Lejeune, N. C., to hear from Captain H. W. COULTER, Jr., or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Mrs. Carl Johnson, 459 S. W. 154th St., Seattle, Wash., to hear from Clarence A. MOE, service number 624232.

* * *

Joseph R. Arendt, 4912 W. Nelson St., Chicago 41, Ill., to hear from Joseph R. MAIER, whose last known address was the Third Air Wing.

END

ANSWERS TO CORPS QUIZ
ON PAGE 4.

1. (b); 2. (a); 3. (c); 4. (a);
5. (a); 6. (c); 7. (b); 8. (b);
9. (c); 10. (a).

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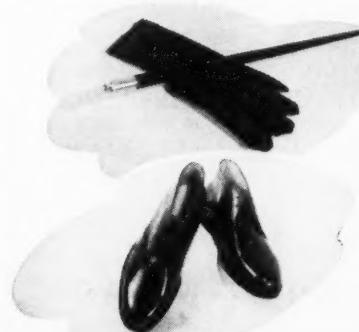
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Behind the Lines ...

THIS MONTH'S publication of Part II of *Embassy Marines* (page 26) and *Date In Paris* (page 34) concludes a series of stories about duty in Europe which was written by MSgt Clay Barrow and illustrated by our Photographic Director, Lou Lowery.



Lowery (L) and MSgt Barrow

During the five weeks the team spent on the continent, Lou and Clay (neither of whom had ever been to Europe) apparently had the same language difficulties that frustrate most Americans abroad.

"Our most embarrassing experience," Lou recalls, "happened in—of all places—London. Wanting to get some stamps, we went into what we'd call a drug store, but which the English call a *chemist's*. The clerk politely led us out to the street and told us that, around the corner from the *ironmongers'* (hardware store) we'd find a place where, *straightaway*, we could get our stamps. Clay, anxious to increase his British vocabulary, asked, 'What do you call these places where they sell stamps?' The clerk replied, '*post offices*, old boy.'"

"That wasn't as bad," Clay interrupted, "as the blooper I pulled in Geneva, where both French and Italian are spoken. We knew Rome was the next stop so I had been brushing up on my Italian. For some reason, the Italian word, *gracie*, meaning thank you, stuck in

my mind. As we checked out of our hotel, I shook the clerk's hand and, to my horror, heard myself saying, not *gracie*, but *glace*, which is the French word for *ice cream*. A perfect host, the clerk replied, 'glace,' and, having said our ice creams, we took leave of each other."

Little, rather than big, things seem to have made the most impression on the pair. They recall being surprised to discover that, in Portugal, you must have a license to carry a cigarette lighter, and be prepared to produce it, if requested. And the Portuguese, unlike their Spanish neighbors, do not like to see the bull killed in their bullfights. Their fights (occasionally uproariously funny) pit the huge brute against six-man teams whose job it is to totally immobilize the animal. But the end is still the same: the bull is killed afterward, outside the arena. Too, they noted the cut of European clothes and prided themselves, after the first few weeks, that they could spot Americans by their dress.

To hear them tell it, the team spent much of their time considerably above sea level. Clay says, "Everywhere we went, it seemed, was uphill. Paris was particularly perpendicular. Lou wanted a shot from the top of Notre Dame and was too frugal to hire a helicopter, so we hoofed it up six skillion stone steps. Also, there are *exactly* 97 steps leading up to the Marines' quarters over the Embassy garage. The Tower of London, the seven hills of Rome, the cliffs of Naples, the mountains surrounding Madrid and Geneva, the precipices near Lisbon—we climbed them all."

Carl A. Schmon
Managing Editor

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Insurance does not become effective unless you (1) complete ALL PARTS of this application, (2) SIGN IT, and (3) enclose CORRECT PAYMENT of whichever pay plan you select. Coverage is effective ON BASE from date and hour of postmark on application. OFF BASE Coverage is effective 24 hours from date and hour of postmark on application if you have fully complied with above requirements and this application is approved by Home Office.

This Application is for LIABILITY insurance only and restricted to continental limits of United States, its territories and possessions, Canada. Premium designated includes policy fee which is fully earned at time of policy issuance, but may be transferred upon request to cover substitute vehicle. Policy fee varies proportionately to the amount of premium, and a factor of 25% is used in computing the amount of this fee.

The above statements are warranties and not representations, and I declare that I have withheld no information whatsoever relative thereto. I agree that this proposal shall be the express basis of the Contract between the Company and me. I fully understand and agree that the policy applied for and issued in response to above application shall cover the insured vehicle only when driven by named assured or his/her spouse. I further agree that the insured vehicle will not be used for commercial or share-the-expense purposes.

Application is made for a _____ months policy with premium \$ _____ and I wish to pay \$ _____ down plus \$ _____ service charge or a total of \$ _____. I will pay balance, if any, as per payment plan.

Date of Discharge _____

Sign Here _____

Date _____

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Large plaque 11x12" #307 (as shown) with 7" emblem—\$14.69



Small Plaque
6x7" with 4"
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Send check or money order to:
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35 Worley St., Boston 32, Mass.

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 5]

on his return, and if so, how far ahead of his return will he have this information?

I am very proud to be a very small part of the Corps, as a Marine's wife.

Mrs. Judy Weist
1200 Broad Ave.
Findley, Ohio

● Head, Enlisted Detail Section, HQMC, had this to say:

"Orders for Sgt Weist will be issued from this HQMC on the date he embarks aboard ship for return to CONUS (Continental United States). He will receive these orders upon his arrival at San Diego or San Francisco, Calif."

Leatherneck thanks you for your kind remarks about the Corps.—Ed.

VOLUNTEERS FOR OVERSEAS

Dear Sir:

I came back from overseas in February 1960, after serving with the First Marine Aircraft Wing. I have tried to get back there but my squadron office said I must serve a year back in the States. Is this true?

The Wing Career and Welfare Officer of the Third Marine Aircraft Wing recently asked for volunteers to the First Marine Aircraft Wing in Japan, and said that any person willing to reenlist or extend had first choice. I wanted to extend but was turned down. They had



five openings at that time in my MOS 6412.

I have a buddy who came back to the States in June 1960, from the First Marine Aircraft Wing and he received orders to report to the draft next month for the First MAW. Now, why is this?

I've got a year to do and I'm willing to extend to go back.

Cpl (E-4) Albert Viernes
H&MS-15, MAG-15
Third Marine Aircraft Wing, FMF
El Toro, Calif.

● Head, Enlisted Detail Section, HQMC, had this to say:

"Marine Corps Order 1300.11 (Subject: Assignment of enlisted Marines to Sea and Foreign Service, to combat areas and to overseas Fleet Marine Force Units; and sole surviving son policy applicable to both officer and enlisted Marines) is considered applicable in the case of Cpl Viernes.

"Paragraph 3.e.(1), MCO 1300.11B is quoted below:

(1) A Marine in pay grade E-4 or below will not be assigned involuntarily to a second tour of duty as an overseas Fleet Marine Force replacement prior to having completed a minimum of two years in CONUS since last return from such duty, unless he voluntarily waives this requirement by a signed entry on page 11 of his service record book. Priority for assigning E-4s and below to Fleet Marine Force units overseas will be as follows:

(a) Marines who reenlist for such assignment.

(b) Volunteers.

(c) Marines with no prior service in

the Fleet Marine Force overseas. Within this category priority will be given to those Marines longest on station.'

"However, paragraph 7157.4, Marine Corps Manual further indicates that, 'When quota directives are received directing the transfer of enlisted personnel to sea or foreign duty, those enlisted personnel in the ranks and MOSs specified having served the longest time in the United States since last return from sea and foreign duty who fulfill the qualification required by the quota directive, and who are eligible for sea or foreign duty under current regulations, will be transferred regardless of time on present station.'

"In regard to the above, it is the prerogative of the Commanding General/Commanding Officer to determine who are best qualified to fulfill the quota directive.

"Since this Section does not have the name, rank and service number of the "buddy" referred to in the basic correspondence, the reason for his return to an overseas assignment cannot be determined."—Ed.

MEDALS AND PROMOTIONS

Dear Sir:

The following information is requested:

- Is there a ribbon being planned for issue to personnel who were involved in the Lebanon Operation in 1958?
- In reference to MCO 1040.14 can Reserve time count towards the 6-8



years service required for the Warrant Officer Program?

c. Is there going to be a 60-2 testing period for E-4 to E-5, and if there is going to be one will I be eligible to take the test? I have a date of rank of 1 May 1959.

Cpl (E-4) Paul A. Rossano
I-I Staff, 5th InfBn., USMCR
7600 E. Jefferson Ave.
Detroit 14, Mich.

Head, Decorations and Medals Branch, HQMC, answered your first question as follows:

"No special award has been authorized to date to recognize service in Lebanon. In the event such a medal is approved, information concerning it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77)

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For polishing insignia, buckles, equipment, etc.

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FROM OUR READERS

Success—A Definition

by Steven S. Korsen

IT WAS hot. Hotter than the gates of Hell. It was nearly dawn. In a few minutes it would be hotter. The 1st Battalion, Seventh Regiment, First Marine Division, on duty in Korea. Winter had passed. A bad Winter by any standards. Give and take between two armies. Patrol action! Skirmishes! Night attacks! Sub-zero weather! Bad food! Vermin! Death!

The coming of Spring brought new life to the land and death to the living. The division was transferred to occupy the Seoul Corridor. A year previously, the Reds broke through our lines and nearly succeeded in rolling up the flanks of two Army divisions.

How strong were the Chinese? Did they know our strength? Did they know our weaknesses? How many troops? How many casualties?

We crouched along the base of a slight rise in the terrain. The contour map described it simply as 104. It towered above the rice paddies as a boil on the neck. A pedestal for a monument to the God of War. One hundred and four meters above sea level. Nine casualties for every meter.

Dawn, May 28th. A battalion frontal assault on the Chinese Main Line of Resistance. Probe the enemy's strength. Get him to commit himself.

Waiting! Always waiting! The curse of the fighting man since time immemorial. My section was ready. The best damn machine gunners in the Corps. Poor Santos. Every time he followed me into action he was hit. This day was to be no exception. At least he was consistent.

There's the signal. Go! Go! Go!

Seven hours on the hill. Seven hours and seven thousand rounds of incoming. Sefor's guns are out of action. Potato masher grenades take a terrific toll. The first platoon—decimated by grenades and mortars. Rossar dives on a grenade to save three others. Too late. They all die before the hour is up. Rossar's mother receives the Medal of Honor.

James, a colored boy from Charlie Company, awarded the Medal of Honor, posthumously. The citation read, "Armed with only a pistol, PFC James assaulted an enemy machine gun nest destroying it and defending

infantry. During his heroic action, PFC James was mortally wounded."

It was a proud day for the Corps. Two Medal of Honor winners. Three Navy Crosses. More than a dozen Silver Stars. Purple must go well with Marine Corps green. More than 900 Purple Hearts were awarded to a battalion of less than 1100 men.

Levin, Santos, Arthur, Rubin, Easter, McCord—one after another, the familiar cry "Corpsman." Like Abou Ben Adam, one voice led all the rest. I never really knew how it happened. One minute I manned a spitting '30. The next moment I was picking myself up, several feet away. Funny, my blood looked redder than I imagined it would. There was no pain—just a sense of detachment and incredulity. "It could be worse. You could be dead."

"Maybe you are dead!"

"The hell I am!"

Seven hours on the hill. Seven hours and 7000 rounds of incoming. Nine hundred dead and wounded. We took a beating. We gave one back. Ten thousand screaming Chinese came across the valley. Ten thousand sweating bodies. Ten thousand weapons poised.

"Sah Nee! Sah Nee!"

"You Die!" "You Die!"

Ten thousand screaming Chinese came across the valley. Thirty-six hundred never returned.

I wonder, what is the Chinese equivalent of our Purple Heart? Good troops, the Chinese. Been fighting a long, long time. Give no quarter, take no quarter.

You're a Marine now, boy! You don't fight for Mom's apple pie! You fight because Marines always fought! You die because Marines always died—facing the enemy!

Success? Sure I can define success! I walked off that hill with just six others. My left hand was useless. Two holes ventilated a leg. An ear drum was punctured. Hell! How successful can you get?

The Marines had landed and the situation was well in hand.

“And Leatherneck Is My Name”

by AM Sgt Robert C. Mehl

I

O, who am I, and where have I been,
And what's my claim to fame?
Since first our bell of freedom pealed,
With liberty burned into my shield,
The world has been my battlefield;
And Leatherneck is my name.
In '75, when I was born,
The Redcoats looked at me with scorn;
And across the sea the King allowed
That I'd no right to be so proud
Of hungry, scrawny frontier groups
That dared resist his Royal troops.
Then in '76 we'd had enough,
We slapped the lion and called his bluff;
And across the sea the King sent word—
“Destroy at once that motley herd!”
But the Lion's roar became a plea
To set those 13 colonies free!

II

O, who am I, and where have I been,
And what's my claim to fame?
Since first the Tripoli pirates found
How loud my battle cries resound
The world has been my battleground;
And Leatherneck is my name.
In Eighteen-one our flag was shamed
By a pirate king who must be tamed;
So, off to the Tripoli shore I went
To gain revenge for the incident.
On the Barbary Coast, inside his den,
He felt my power again and again.
Then, in Eighteen-five we went by land
To crush his upstart, Pirate band;
Across the burning, desert waste
I followed O'Bannon til we faced
That pirate gang in his own home port,
And raised our flag above his fort!

III

O, who am I, and where have I been,
And what's my claim to fame?
Since first the East began to wield
Its hatchet and its dragon shield
The world has been my battlefield;
And Leatherneck is my name.
In 1900, China roars
That foreigners must leave her shores;

And so my troops got underway
To go ashore in old Cathay.
A million heathen watched me call—
And then got chased to their Great Wall.
A mob called Boxers screamed their hate
And stormed the Tartar city's gate;
But I was there, I sent the best
Of my young Corps to meet the test.
We chopped the Boxers down to size—
Then did push-ups for exercise!

IV

O, who am I, and where have I been,
And what's my claim to fame?
Since first the Hun pushed Europe around
And the Rising Sun was Harbor-bound
The world has been my battleground;
And Leatherneck is my name.
The Old World shook with cannon roar
So we joined the ‘war to end all war;’
And there in France my young Corps stood
To turn the tide at Belleau Wood.
And in that war's grim epilogue
I earned the title . . . Devildog.
We staggered, hurt, in '41,
But lived to take the Rising Sun;
Then I turned loose my Corps of men,
On Guadalcanal, we struck; and then
We smashed a bloody path and swore
We'd stop our drive at the Palace door!

V

O, who am I, and where have I been,
And what's my claim to fame?
Since Oriental Reds revealed
Their choice of hammer and sickle shield
The world has been my battlefield;
And Leatherneck is my name.
In '50, South Korea claimed
That Northern Reds could not be tamed;
And so my Corps took on the job—
We stopped that screaming, Commie mob.
And near the frozen reservoir
We added glory to the Corps.
That's who I am, and where I've been,
And these my claims to fame.
For a hundred and eighty-five, the world
Has seen my battle flags unfurled;
And Leatherneck is my name!

END

CHESTERFIELD, L&M and OASIS ARMY-NAVY GAME CO

FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL ONLY!



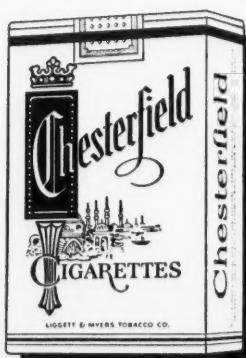
Pick up a pack and take a crack at experting the military "battle" of the year. If you are the only one to pick the correct half-time and final scores, the first prize jackpot is all yours. If there are ties, you share the money. The same applies to winners of the second and third jackpots. Enter as often as you like... to make it easy, use the backs of packs* as your entry blanks. So each time you smoke up a pack take a crack at the big money.

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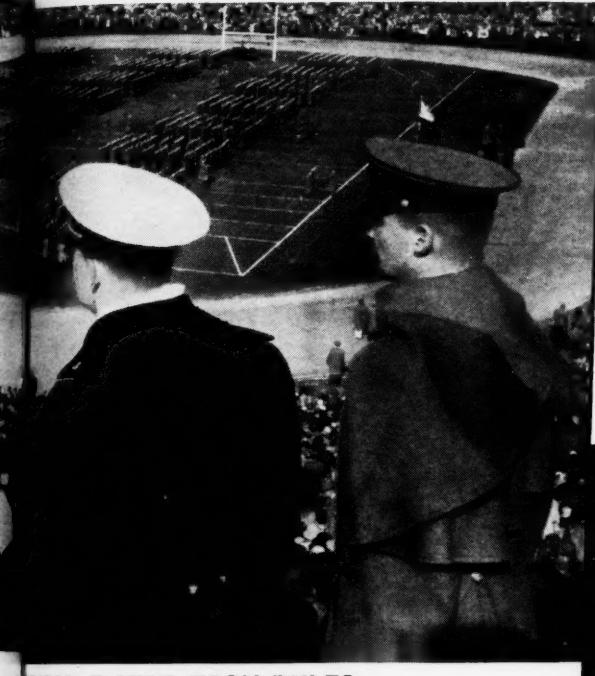
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Invite you to the CONTEST



READ THESE EASY RULES...

1. On the coupon below or on the back of an empty wrapper or on a plain sheet of paper, select the winner of the Army-Navy game, to be played November 26, 1960, predict the final score and the half-time score (predict ties if you wish). Each entry must be accompanied by an empty wrapper from Chesterfield, L&M or Oasis cigarettes (or a single hand drawn copy of the lettering Chesterfield, L&M or Oasis as it appears on the face of the package). If entry is submitted on back of empty wrapper, be sure to include name and address, printed clearly.

2. Mail entries to Liggett & Myers, at address appearing in coupon below. All entries must be postmarked by midnight November 15, 1960, and received by midnight November 25, 1960. Enter as often as you want, but be sure to enclose an empty wrapper (or acceptable substitute) with each entry. Illegible entries will not be considered.

3. Prizes: FIRST PRIZE JACKPOT—\$3,000; SECOND PRIZE JACKPOT—\$1,500; THIRD PRIZE JACKPOT—\$500. Winning entries will be selected according to the accuracy of the entry against the following in the order listed: (a) the winning team; (b) the final score and, as a tie-breaker, if necessary, (c) the accuracy in

Print clearly the final score and half-time score of the 1960 Army-Navy game in boxes indicated:

	FINAL	HALF-TIME
ARMY	()	()
NAVY	()	()

JUST PREDICT THE
SCORE AND WIN
UP TO...

\$3,000

FIRST PRIZE JACKPOT

\$1,500

SECOND PRIZE JACKPOT

\$500

THIRD PRIZE JACKPOT

HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO WIN...

1. Predict the final score for each team.
2. Predict the half-time score for each team.
3. Use an empty pack* as your entry blank.

determining the leading half-time team and the half-time score. In the event of ties among contestants, the prize money for each of the three prize categories will be divided equally among contestants tied for the respective prizes.

4. This contest is under the supervision of the Bruce, Richards Corporation, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final and binding on all contestants. Only one prize per family.

5. This contest is open to all members of the United States Armed Forces, their dependents and civilian employees on active duty. Employees and members of their families of Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company and its advertising agencies are not eligible to enter. Entrants to be eligible must be 17 years of age or older.

6. All entries become the property of the sponsor, and none will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail. A complete list of winners is available to anyone sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the address below.

7. This contest is subject to all Federal, state and local laws and regulations governing contests and their validity.

Mail this entry to: **LIGGETT & MYERS, P. O. BOX 27, NEW YORK 46, N. Y.**
Attach an empty pack (or an acceptable substitute, see rules) of Chesterfield, L&M or Oasis cigarettes with this entry.

NAME & RANK _____

ADDRESS _____

This entry must be postmarked before 2400 November 15, 1960, and received at the above P.O. Box in New York by 2400 November 25, 1960.

Submit as many more entries as you want on the backs of empty packs.* On each one print the college names and scores with your name and address as shown above.

It's not an opinion expressed too openly, but a

majority of Marines agree that the combined might

of a Naval amphib force is needed when it comes to . . .

OBJECTIVE:

by AGySgt Mel Jones

Photos by ACpl Leroy Stark

THAT rifle-toting, sand-eating, non-conformist in a camouflaged helmet is an enigma. Grind him through the steam of Camp Lejeune or the heat of Pendleton and he'll slog out of a reservoir in 30-below weather. Listen to him jaw about know-how keeping him alive in combat, then watch him leisurely stroll across a skyline. Notice him spending hours expectorating on his shoes so he'll look "sharp," then, a day later, wear the mud from a field exercise like a badge of accomplishment. Emphasize that his reason for being is the annihilation of enemy forces, and he'll restore peace in Lebanon without firing a shot.

As a breed and as needed, he can guard an embassy, drive a tank, pilot plane, serve food or fire a missile. He has more trades than a labor union. Yet, he has a single specialty.

Amphibious warfare is his specialty. Since the days of New Providence, when he rowed himself ashore, he has gathered mud on his boot straps and salt water between his toes. From Guadalcanal to Lebanon, the Marine can claim the saltiest feet on earth.

And, in the past decade alone, this beach-buster has watched his specialty become a science. Time was when he could figure on, perhaps, every other amtrac reaching the beach. Today, the reliable tractors repeatedly spearhead

assaults. Twenty or so years ago, if the Marine wanted to slap behind enemy lines, he landed at another beach and tried to outflank the enemy. Today, he 'copters right on over or around the MLR. Then, too, in the early 1940s, what the Marine knew of the beach ahead of him came from "maybe-type" maps and reports from natives. Today, the rifle-toter not only knows the assault area's hydrographic characteristics but also what type of floor the ocean approach has and how many exits the beach has.

Still, the average Marine remains enigmatic. To those who aren't Marines, it's puzzling to hear him disparage the "soft" life of his aviation buddies, then spend an hour or so eulogizing close support air strikes. And "outsiders" will never understand when he proclaims the current operation is the most fouled-up situation he's ever seen, because he'll go on to defy his own prediction and the law of averages and wind up mauling the opposition.

Perhaps the average Marine's most complex opinion concerns the amphibious force itself. Among his buddies, he has high words for amphibs. To anyone else, he describes the amphibs with a shrug; a couple of ships, a plane or two and "10,000 hot-damn, let's-go Marines." And if you mention the fact

that he couldn't win a battle without the amphibs, you'll get that look of condolence usually reserved for hospital patients and replacements.

For all his reluctance to admit it, however, this individualist does realize the amphibious force—all of it, not just his own squad—is the battle winner. If you caught him in an extremely benevolent mood, he might even allow as how the majority of the force is U. S. Navy. Such admissions are rarely heard, and cannot be considered in the public domain.

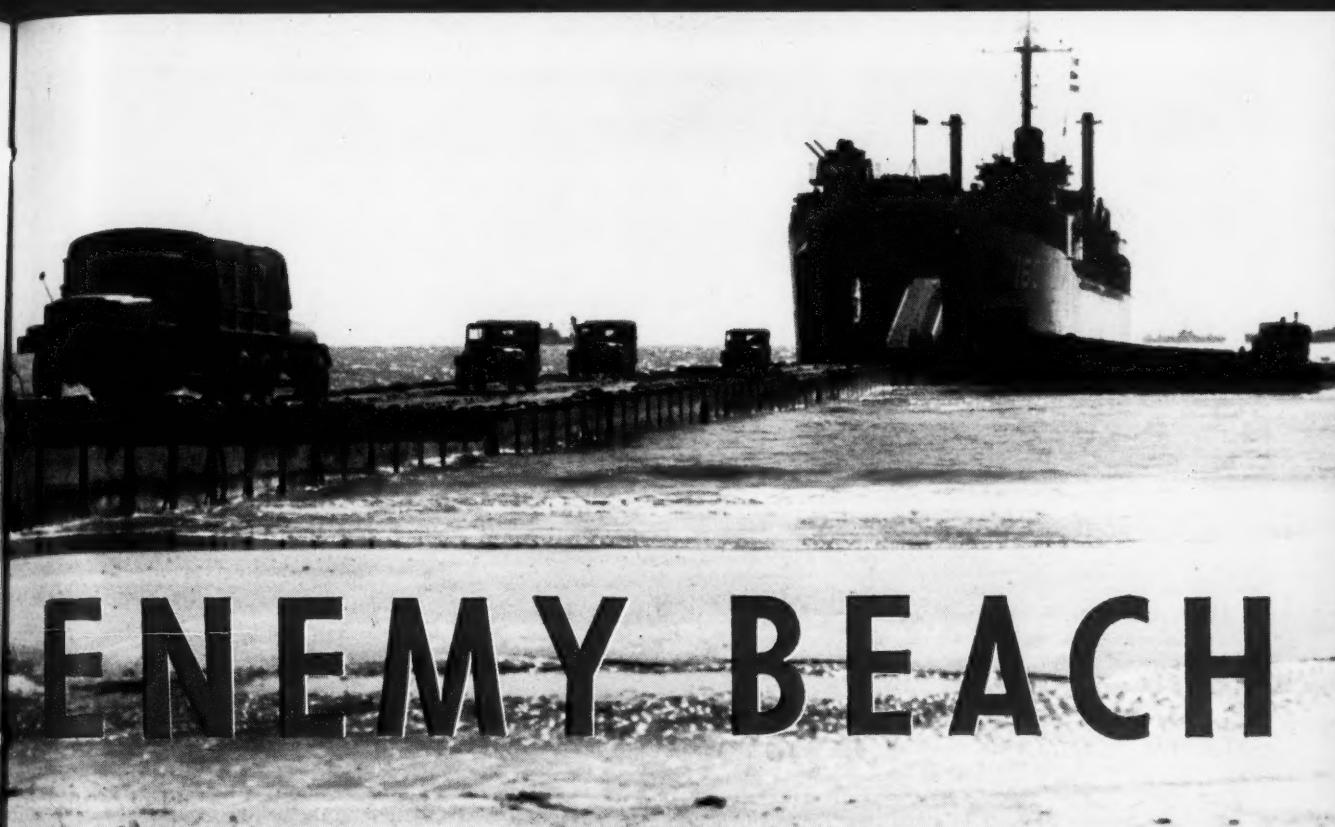
It's true, though. Before, during and after a beach assault the Navy's amphibious arm is a dominating factor.

Take a squadron of ships as an example. An amphibious squadron (PhibRon) is a water-borne troop and freight train. It is, in the Navy's own lingo, the "backbone of the amphibious task force."

A PhibRon is generally tailored to fit a reinforced battalion (battalion landing team). When more than one PhibRon is needed, as in the case of hauling a provisional Marine force, the whole armada is called an amphibious group.

Normally, a PhibRon is composed of:

A communications ship (AGC), which serves as flagship and nerve-end for an operation. Here there is a



ENEMY BEACH

blended mixture of radio antennae and ranking brass. An AGC comm network is used for liaison between the assault forces on shore and the squadron. It is also used to direct air, maneuver fire support and control intra-squadron shipping. Accordingly, the commanders responsible for ground, air and water movements are headquartered on the AGC . . . for a period of time at any rate. Ground and air commands usually move ashore when conditions permit.

An attack transport (APA), carrying the bulk of Marines and light vehicles.

One or more attack cargo ships (AKA), the tonnage-haulers which store the bulk of heavy equipment.

Two or more landing ships, tank (LST), which don't necessarily carry tanks. It's not unusual to find amtracs, loaded with first-wave troops, dipping down LST ramps for the run to shore. Bulldozers and other heavy, tracked gas-eaters are also carried on LSTs. And, finally, there are causeways, those remarkable floating piers which can be pushed onto a beach, providing a surf-riding roadway from shore to the jaws of an LST.

One or more landing ships, dock (LSD), probably the most versatile but oddest looking ship in the whole United States Navy. When an LSD is ready to go to work, it sinks. Not

totally . . . just the stern. LSDs carry utility landing craft (LCU), which, in turn, carry tanks and beachmaster equipment. The LCUs cannot be hoisted over the side because of their size and resultant weight. Therefore, the LSD must literally sink its posterior in order for the LCUs to float out the hinged stern. LSDs can be assigned a variety of other jobs. They can be assigned to the small-boat line of departure, thereby controlling the support waves. And they can be used as havens, collecting small craft in the well decks in cases of emergency.

These five types of ships (AGC, APA, AKA, LST and LSD) usually form the amphibious squadron. But there is no cemented rule regarding their number or assignments. One PhibRon may have more LSTs than another, for example. A squadron's composition hinges on the task and amount of Marines taking part.

There is another type of amphibious squadron which, in relation to a standard PhibRon, is as different as a race horse and a draft horse. It's the "fast PhibRon," the ship-cluster the Navy hopes will eventually replace the others. The Atlantic Fleet's PhibRon-10 is such an outfit.

PhibRon-10 has no AGC, APA or LSTs. It does have an amphibious assault ship, the *Boxer*, used for

launching helicopters in vertical assault landings. The accompanying ships are invariably new LSDs, built to carry tonnage at high speeds.

Like the race horse, the fast squadron is bred to break rapidly, maintain high speeds and get to the wire before the race is lost.

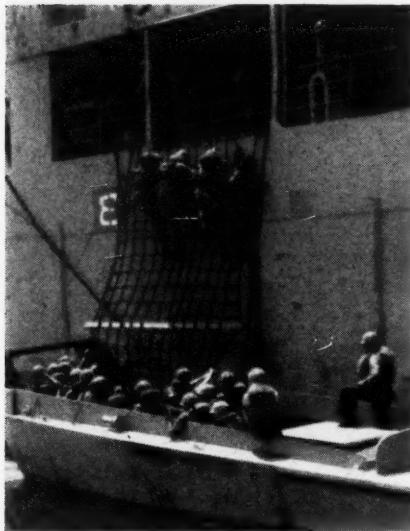
More of these squadrons will be added as appropriations allow.

The PhibRon is, indeed, the largest, most complex component of the amphibious force. But it certainly isn't the only component. There are other groups working the beach, directing the air and reconning under water.

Underwater demolition teams (UDT) are enough to make an enigmatic Marine downright dogmatic. Reasonably enough, Marines feel a certain amount of proprietorship after securing a beachhead. One youngster described it as feeling "I'd won the cheerleader after fighting off the whole doggoned football team."

Consequently, some sand-pounders are liable to take slight exception when a flipper-footed, flip-tongued frogman asks: "What was so tough about that beach? I was there a day before you were."

This is true. In any operation, a UDT might recon the waters and beach as much as a week in advance of D-Day. Probably the only way to scorch



Marines are most familiar with two phases of amphib landings. First, the trip down the nets . . .



Then the clang minute when the boat ramp lowers. The largest, most complex phases may not be seen by the landing force Marines

OBJECTIVE (cont.)

a frogman's patronization is to point out that he *sneaked* ashore.

This is also true. The very nature of UDT missions relies on stealth.

Underwater divers generally work the beach about a day ahead of D-Day, even though some recon can be carried out as much as a week in advance. The danger in going in too early is the possibility of unknown enemy detection. If a defending force spots a UDT recon, you can bet it won't be long before underwater defenses are rearranged.

Dropping from high-speed landing craft, the UDTs swim in, keeping themselves on a line parallel to the beach. At the 21-foot-depth curve, the frogmen submerge and begin what is undoubtedly the quietest recon patrol in combat. They work in overlapping patterns, from where the water is 21 feet deep, up to the beach's high-tide waterline. Then, they beat it back to the PhibRons.

Back aboard ship, they immediately report to the task force commander, supplying the answers to questions like:

What type of obstacles have been planted under water? How many?

Are there any deep channels?

Is the ocean floor firm or loose?

Are there any mines? Where?

What is the density of the beach sand?

Does the beach have natural exits? Where?

Did you notice any enemy activity

or gun emplacements?

Were you opposed? With what? How severely?

After this questioning—the answers to which are vital not only to commanders but also to every man who'll make the landing—the UDTs prepare to hit the same beach a second time. This time they carry baggage: satchels full of explosives.

The same men will cover the same areas, planting explosives on predetermined obstacles. No attempt is made, initially, to blow the entire underwater defense system. Such networks of tangled steel are too ponderous for a single raid. Instead, the frogmen explode channels through the metallic maze, the explosions timed to go off just as H-Hour is triggered.

Then, the channels are buoyed so small-boat coxswains can maneuver through them without losing the bottoms of their boats. Occasionally, the divers will accompany assault waves, pointing out the channels.

After the beach is secured, UDT operations are turned over to Beachmasters and the frogmen finish clearing obstacles, help clear the beach and blast deeper channels to the beach.

When the UDTs transfer to Beachmaster control, they enter another element of the amphibious, the Naval beach group. Beachmasters, boat units, and Seabees are departments of the beach group.

Beachmasters are the most harassed traffic cops in existence. A steady flow of traffic, grumbling of irate "drivers" or even an occasional insult are not considered too irritating. It's the bullets

which hurt.

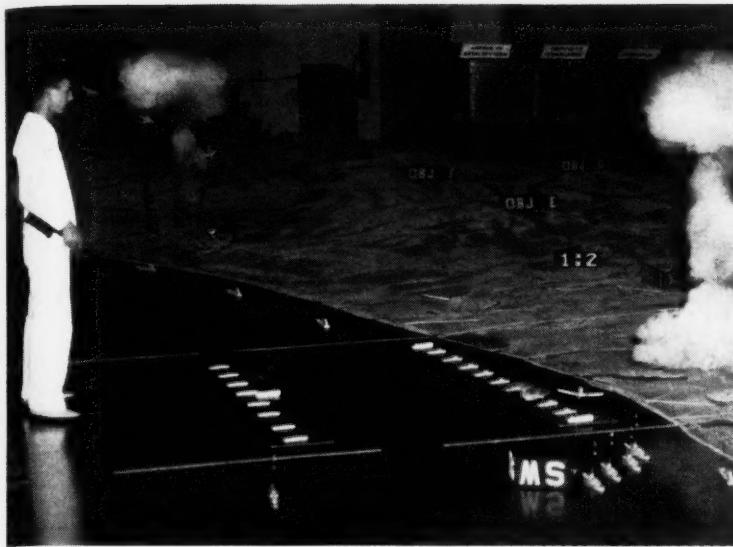
Beachmasters, along with their Marine counterparts, the Shore Party, boat ashore with the initial assault waves. Then, while the fight for the beach is in full crescendo, the two units set up a traffic system. The Shore Party is responsible for all beach movement down to the water's edge. From there, Beachmasters traffic to the ships off-shore.

Marking of the beach, getting small boats in and out without traffic jams, clearing the beach of obstacles and providing for beach security after the invasion forces move inland—these are the functions of the bullet-dodging traffic cops in Shore Party and Beachmasters.

The Naval beach group's boat units are familiar to every Marine who has ever tried that last, long step from net to boat bottom. What most Marines may not realize, however, is that the Mike boats and LCUs are *not* usually a permanent part of any ship. Larger landing boats, and their crews, are assigned to a ship back in the States, generally for the duration of a single operation. Then, the boats are repooled and reassigned.

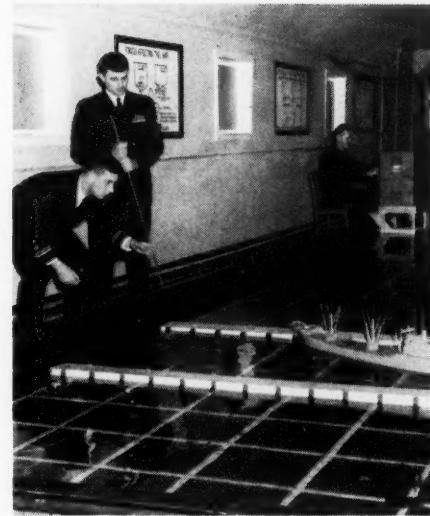
Beach group's final element carries the Navy name most associated with the Marines in the last war—the Seabees. If ever there was an outfit devoted to hard labor, it was the Seabees.

Amphib Seabees (correct usage should be CB, for Construction Battalion) are almost as enigmatic as Marines. They talk Navy, think like Marines and work harder than burros trying to move the Rocky Mountains



Official USN Photo

Realistic landings in miniature are enacted at Little Creek's amphib assault evaluator, used to show the step-by-step motions of an assault



Official USN Photo

At another display, scale models respond to "commands" exactly as would full-sized troop ships

in one load. They are also trained to fight. Ask them.

The construction crews have a number of responsibilities; linking causeways to the shoreline, bulldozing a beach so supporting troops and equipment can be funneled through, building supply drops and off-the-beach roads, providing salvage barges and installing ship-to-shore bulk fuel lines.

But, contrary to a mighty popular myth, they do *not* construct officers' clubs. Structural work is done by MCBs; Mobile Construction Battalions. Amphib Seabees are concerned with the beach, its approaches and exits.

While the Naval beach group is busy ashore, another amphibious force component is back aboard the command ship, routing traffic along skyways.

Tactical air control squadrons (TACRon) have the primary mission of getting air strikes where the invading forces need them most. Initially, *all* air operations are controlled by TACRon, but the command is moved to Marines ashore as soon as conditions permit.

Capsuling a many-paged mission report into a few paragraphs, TACRon is expected to:

Receive and analyze all requests from front-line air coordinators, then assign strikes to available aircraft.

Be responsible for local anti-air warfare and the interception of enemy planes.

Dispatch visual and photo recon aircraft.

Provide covering air for helicopter waves and direct the "choppers" while they are en route.

Coordinate strategic bombing mis-

sions which might enter or pass through the objected area.

All this is done in the manner of the automobile expert who doesn't own a car, for TACRon is a squadron without aircraft. It simply masterminds everyone else's planes. As a matter of fact, the squadron is only partially manned by aviators. There are also intelligence men, communications personnel and other Naval line officers. All, however, are trained to control the air as well as operate in their own specialties.

There are two amphibious forces in America today, one each with the Pacific and Atlantic Fleets. Though there may be minor variations between the two—to meet the demands of a specific fleet—one is basically a carbon copy of the other.

The Atlantic Fleet's amphibs are headquartered at Little Creek, about 10 miles northeast of Norfolk, Va. "Headquartered" has to be the verb depicting Little Creek because, although the amphibious command is there, the amphibs themselves are fanned out across the Atlantic.

PhibLant (Amphibious Force, Atlantic Fleet) has five squadrons, only one of which is ever tied up for any length of time. This is the PhibRon in drydock for maintenance. Two other PhibRons, though, rarely stray far from port. They're on-call squadrons and participate in exercises not too far distant from the East Coast.

The remaining two PhibRons can truly be called "sea squadrons." Both concentrate their operations in seas, one in the Mediterranean and the other in the Caribbean.

The Med PhibRon is rotated every six months and each squadron with the exception of "10" is assigned in turn. Mission? To carry and work with a battalion landing team drawn from the Second Division. In six months, the Med PhibRon generally makes as many landings in as many countries, often working with other NATO military units.

"Fast" PhibRon-10 makes shorter but more numerous cruises. The Boxer and her escorting ships will pick up Second Division Marines for two- or three-month exercises at Puerto Rico, then return and start the cycle again. Because the Corps and Navy want to acquaint all Marines in heli-carrier operations in as short a time as possible, PhibRon-10 is never assigned to the lengthier Med cruises. Then, too, the Navy wants its only "fast" squadron fairly close to home.

"Home," at Little Creek, is hardly a ghost base even though most of its units are out in the Atlantic and environs. Training, testing of new techniques and maintenance of present equipment keeps the sprawling amphib base active.

There are three primary training units at Little Creek, all more or less interested in the same objective—to acquaint everyone from the ship commander to the private in the principles of amphibious warfare.

The Marines' Landing Force Training Unit (LFTU) concentrates on the Corps' responsibility in an amphibious invasion. A simple listing of LFTU's sections explains the scope of instruction: Basic Amphibious Section,

OBJECTIVE (cont.)

Communications, Supporting Arms, Embarkation, Logistics, Amphibious Recon and Operations and Intelligence. In summary, LFTU can teach a corporal how to climb a net or show a battalion commander how to plan a landing.

The Navy's image of LFTU is a combination of two units, the Amphibious Schools and the Amphibious Training Command.

Amphibious Schools' agenda capitalizes Supporting Arms, Ship-Shore classes and Intelligence/Communications. Two of the courses—the first and the latter—are self-explanatory. The third, Ship-Shore, can be clarified thusly: the training of men responsible for moving troops and supplies from ship to shore.

The Amphibious Training Command Instructs Naval personnel in their individual assignments or specialties. It is also the amphib's training aid unit.

If you've ever wanted to sit on a mountain top and objectively watch a landing (and, after all, who hasn't?), drop into a building located at the corner of 6th and F Streets at Little Creek. There, sitting in a balcony, you can see ships travel across water, heli-

copters fly, boats hit the beach, missiles launched and targets blown up. Technically, you'll be watching the Amphibious Assault Evaluator, an ingenious mock-up activated by remote control and accentuated with spotlights and gunpowder. There is a public-addressed presentation with the exhibition and enough bangs to shame a rousing July 4th celebration.

Another of the Training Command's elaborate mock-ups allows a trainee to sink his ship without getting his feet wet. This one is the Ship's Characteristics Trainer. Scale models are delicately balanced in a pool of water about the size of an indoor swimming pool. Also remote controlled, the ships will respond to a trainee's touch in precisely the manner an actual ship would. The list on turns is the same, as is the action of the screws and the drag to port or starboard. Here, by giving wrong commands or commanding too early or late, a neophyte captain can swamp his ship, jig it all over the water or make toothpicks out of pier pilings. It's a forceful way of showing men how ships react to human controls.

Training, of course, isn't limited to schools at Little Creek. As at Lejeune or Pendleton, there is daily on-the-job instruction in the various commands,

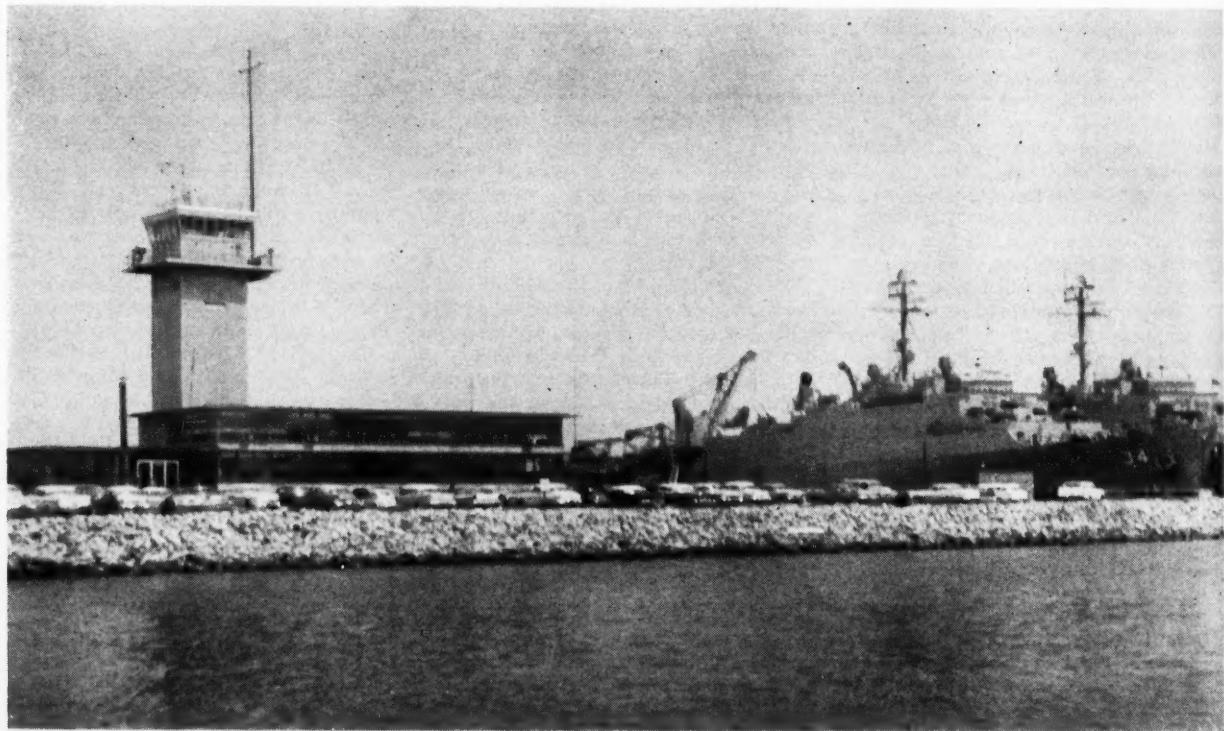
and the testing of new equipment and ideas.

Boat Unit #2, for example, has, by now, thoroughly worked out the new LCM-8. The modernized Mike boat is larger, heavier, speedier, and more maneuverable than its predecessors. It can easily carry a tank—and the ramp is low enough to allow the tank to fire as it's being hauled ashore. Only time will tell what the coxswains' reactions will be.

PhibCB #2 has been training with a new causeway, one which is sure to delight tracked vehicle drivers. In the past, causeway pontoons came in two sections lashed together with the end of one slightly overlapping the end of the other. Consequently, drivers had to drive a few yards, execute a 45-degree turn, to the left, then immediately execute a similar turn to the right in order to get from an LST to a beach. Even for jeeps, it was an obstacle course. For 8-inch howitzers, a mountainside goat trail wouldn't have been much worse.

The new Seabee causeways are joined end-to-end, allowing a straight, turnpike-like drive from "T" to shore.

UDT #21 has also been researching some new techniques. One of the problems frogmen have always had is the drop and pick-up of teams. It is



Two Landing Ships, Dock, (LSDs) were nestled near the control tower which monitors Little Creek

harbor traffic. In amphibious operations, the LSDs carry huge landing craft and, occasionally, 'copters

now done by a speedboat-type craft, the sound of which could be detected by an alert enemy defense.

UDTs' new concept, still in the research stages, relies on air for at least the drop stage. Frogmen figure that if they can get in undetected and without being tired from an exceptionally long swim, they can chart their recon and swim back out far enough to be safely picked up by boat. Under some circumstances, helicopters can be used for both drop and pick-up.

There is also discussion of submarine drop-offs.

Right now, it's problematical whether either method will work. But the UDTs are preparing. For the past year, they have been graduating from the Army's paratrooper school at Fort Benning, Ga. About 60 percent of UDT-21 has qualified.

New concepts, intensive training, TACRons, beach groups, UDTs and PhibRons—these, along with "10,000 hot-damn, let's-go Marines," are an amphibious force.

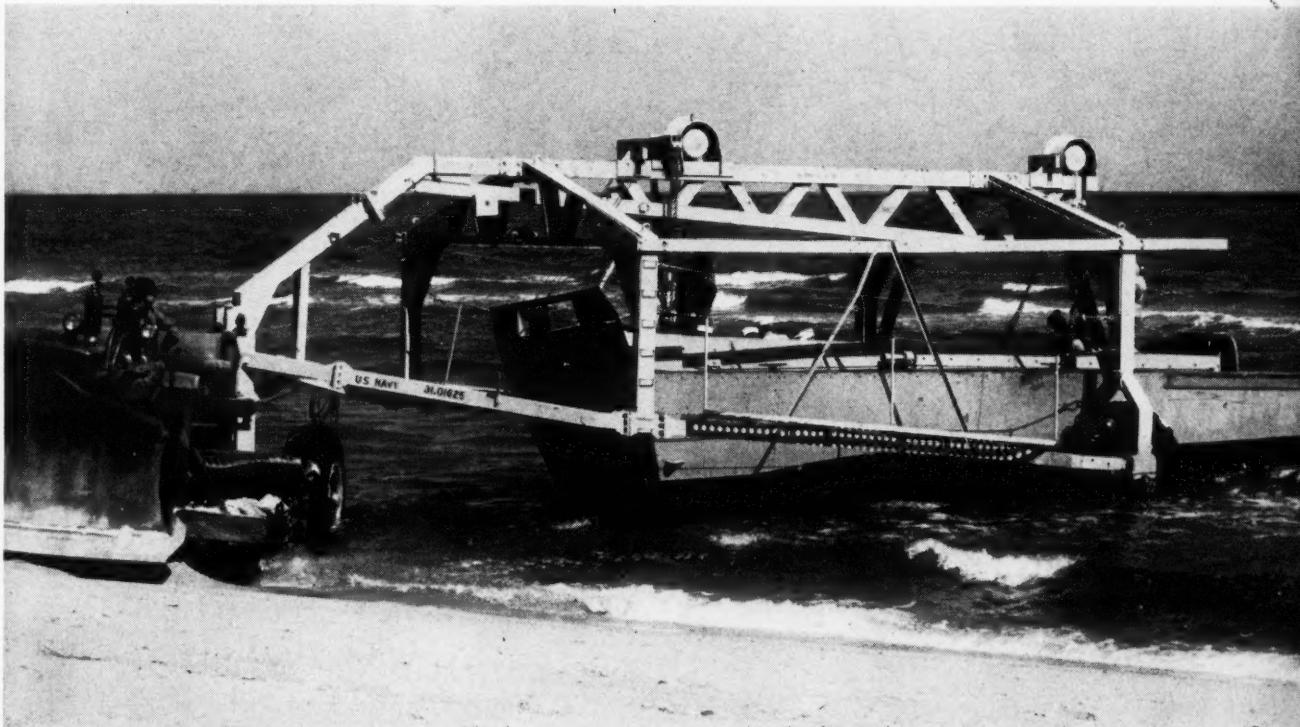
What emphasis does the Navy place on amphibious operations? This fact might be the answer:

A full-scale amphibious operation is the *only* Naval combat function augmented by *every* other major Naval force!

END



A drenched Seabee wades out of the Atlantic as a crane went to the rescue of a capsized boat during a landing craft recovery exercise



A crippled "Peter" boat was towed onto the beach for repairs. Recovery and reconstruction of landing

boats is a Seabee operation, as are the tasks of clearing the beaches and stringing bulk fuel hoses

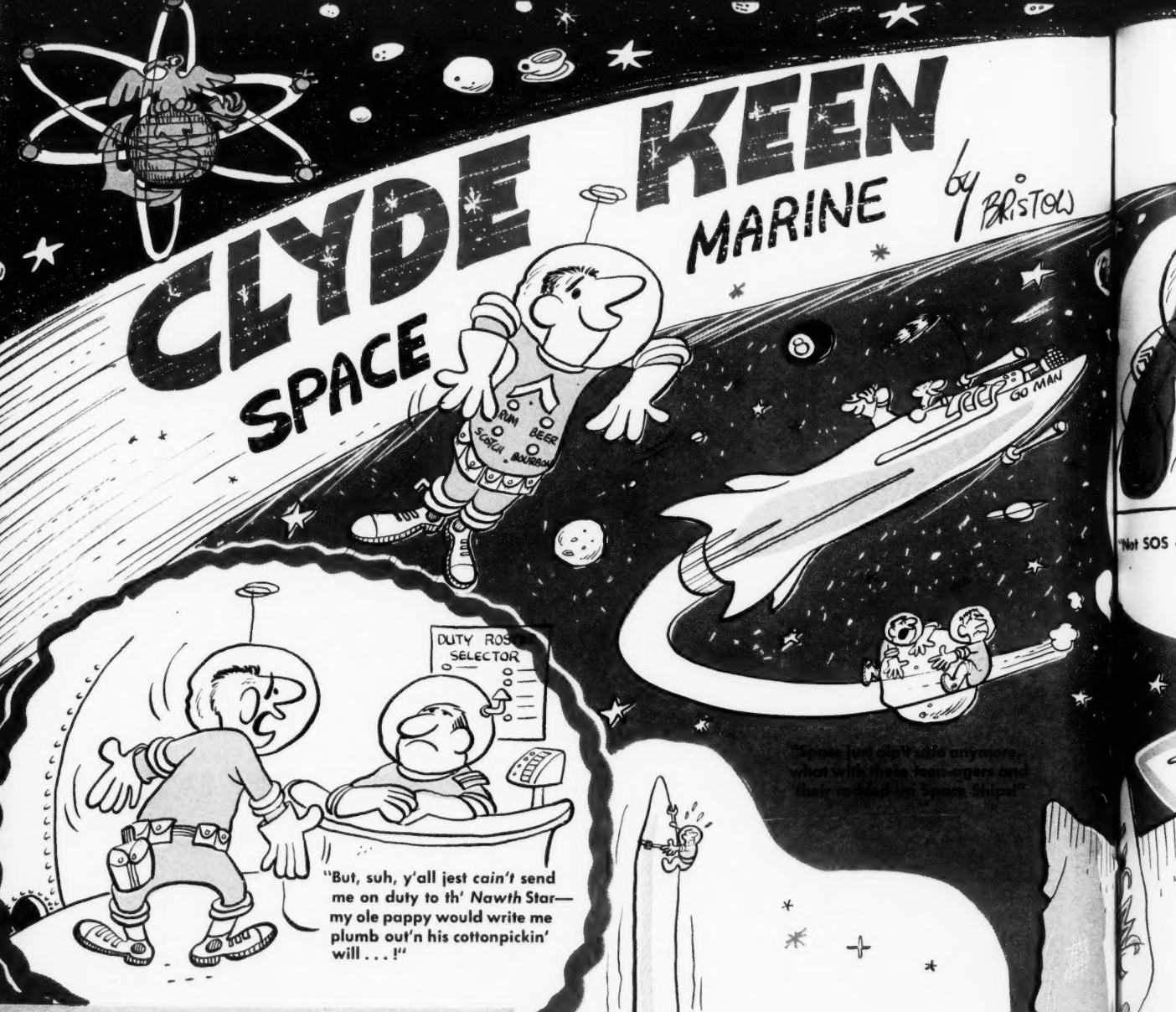
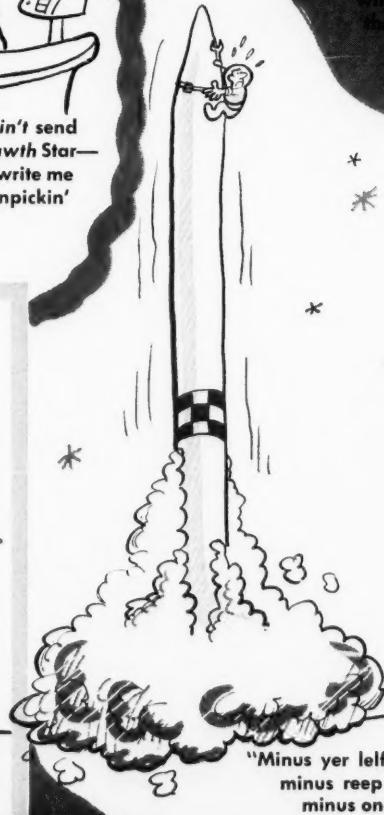
CLYDE KEEN SPACE

MARINE

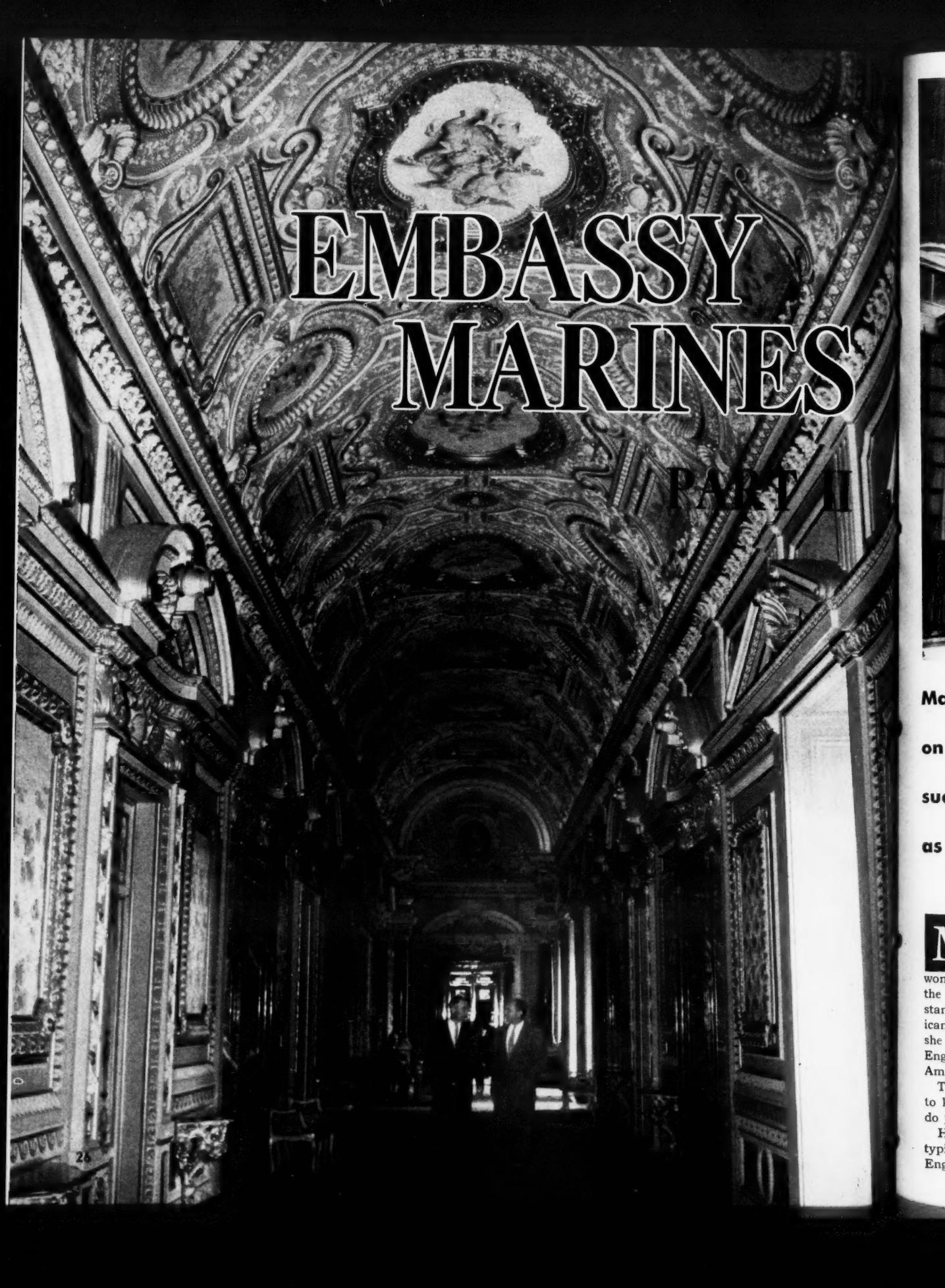
by BRISTOW

"But, suh, y'all jest cain't send
me on duty to th' Nawth Star—
my ole pappy would write me
plumb out'n his cottonpickin'
will . . . !"

"Space just ain't solid anymore,
what with these teen-agers and
their rocketin' Space Ships!"







EMBASSY MARINES

PART II



**Marine Security Guards are
on duty in ornate embassies
such as Rome (opposite page)
as well as in far-off Djakarta**

MARINE SECURITY Guards in Paris tell the story about the middle-aged American woman tourist who shyly approached the blues-clad U.S. Marine who was standing his post in front of the American Embassy. "Bone-joor, masseur," she read haltingly from her French-English pocket dictionary, "parlay-voo American?"

The sentry was enough of a linguist to know that she had said, "Hello, sir, do you speak English?"

He shrugged his shoulders in a typically French gesture and—in perfect English—replied, "Unfortunately, no.

ma'am, I don't. But if you'll step inside the door there's a *United States Marine* in there who does."

She smiled a sweet smile, said, "Mare-see," (thank you) and entered the embassy.

The story, true or not, illustrates an abiding frustration typical of MSG

The American Embassy in London moved from this old building to an ultra-modern one two months ago

Originally the home of the first queen of Italy, this building now houses the American Embassy in Rome



by MSgt Clay Barrow

Photos by Louis R. Lowery

Leatherneck Photo Director

duty practically everywhere in the world: the majority of their own countrymen do not recognize the Marines, even in uniform.

The hunger for recognition is understandable since, from his first days in the Corps, the Marine is taught that *his* three Rs, which will automatically follow each other, are Recognition, Responsibility and Reward. It fouls him up when the second and third Rs are so apparent, (few Marine duties have, potentially, so much responsibility; none has so many possible rewards) while the first R is virtually among the missing.



Maurice Boire, reputedly the youngest sergeant major in the Marine Corps, gave his detachment

the results of a test on military subjects in one of the conference rooms of the London Embassy

EMBASSY MARINES (cont.)

If it were possible to see MSG duty through the eyes of another, a good—although not ideal—choice might be the sentry of our anecdote. Let's call him Cpl Bill Smith, although that isn't his name. As night falls at the end of a long Summer day and the sun sinks beyond the Seine, Bill occasionally has time for reflection. The distractions of the day—the pretty, young women whirling by on bicycles, skirts swirling, bronze limbs flashing; the wide-eyed tourist of all nations struggling along under the weight of their photographic equipment; the gendarmes making frantic, futile efforts to unsnarl the pandemonium of the Place de la Concorde; the old men and women snoozing in the Tuilleries Gardens; the sights and sounds and smells that make Paris, Paris—all evaporate at nightfall and there is time to think.

Obviously, one can only speculate on what thoughts flit through the mind of a young Marine. But it is reasonable to assume that few days pass that, at least once, Cpl Smith doesn't think back to his MSG School "daze," that often unpleasant, always uncertain, five-week period that opened the door to this whole new way of life.

Even as Bill had reported to "F" Company in Washington, D.C., to commence his schooling, he'd had vague misgivings. Nearly all of the preceding class was at, or en route, to their Foreign Service posts. But a few (those



ASgt Francis Ellis watched as a visitor registered at the Geneva Consulate. Marines wear civies while serving in Switzerland

assigned to Iron Curtain countries, for example, are usually administratively delayed) were still around to hint pointedly of the dark days ahead.

He had listened with controlled terror to the whispered stories about the Marine instructor who was described as, "To him, the class is grass, and he's the lawn-mower." He'd fretted about the skinning the barber had given him which gave all MSGs one common denominator: the color of their eyes and complexions might vary, but all had the same "flesh-colored" hair. Cpl Smith had been surprised too that Ma-

ries stationed at HQMC were not over-awed by MSG students. The reverse was true. He'd overheard "F" Company students snidely referred to as the "Charm School Marines," since table manners and etiquette are covered by the school.

Bill had read, re-read and memorized the 14 points covered in the school's regulations. They covered everything from which drinking fountains students were permitted to drink from, to what fate would befall the man who slept in class ("... this," the directive pointed out dryly, "shows lack of



An Italian instructor taught the language to off-duty MSGs. The State Department offers free foreign language courses to Marines abroad

courtesy and interest").

As he had pored over the list of do's and don'ts, of will's and won'ts, Bill found his anger rising, which was, of course, just what the school wanted. For it takes determination to be a MSG and the school will go to any lengths to kindle resolution in a student.

Like every student before him, he had breathed a sigh of relief when his class finally went "on schedule." But he dreaded the impending "Screening Board" which would, twice in the next five weeks, interrogate him individually to determine his fitness to continue.

To him, the seven-man board was a collective, hostile "They" who knew

TURN PAGE



GySgt Dennis Wilson conversed with our Ambassador to Italy, the Honorable J. D. Zellerbach



When all the exotic food has been eaten; when all the interesting landmarks have been seen; when all

the glamour of foreign duty has faded, there is still a job to do. This man does his in Italy's embassy

EMBASSY MARINES (cont.)

everything about him (he had told them in the voluminous questionnaire he had filled out when he reported aboard; and his acts and attitudes had been closely watched since his arrival) while he, conversely, knew nothing about them.

The Screening Board cannot be judged impartially by any man who has ever appeared before it. A more accurate appraisal can be gained by talking to a man who served as a member of the board. His name and rank are unimportant, but his observations are worth hearing.

"Unless a student has shown ample evidence to the contrary," the former board member said, "we assume that

every man who walks in the door of the board room is a highly motivated, squared-away, nervous Marine. About that last adjective: we expect that even the most poised will exhibit some nervousness. MSG duty is a big step in any Marine's career and we don't want him to approach any aspect of it lightly."

When Bill had marched before the board, he had reported his name, rank, service number and last duty station to the senior member. While still at attention, he was asked if there was any reason why he could not continue in the program. As the overwhelming majority do, he had thundered, "NO, SIR!" and was put at ease and told to be seated facing the board.

"Nervousness," the ex-member continued, "can be overcome simply by

communicating, as we do, to the student that we want him to succeed. Our questions are, for the most part, polite and informal. But we vary them with a few verbal bombshells—some bordering on the insulting. There is a reason for each question asked, although not necessarily a correct answer to each. We know the man we are interviewing is a good Marine or he wouldn't be there, but is he, below the surface, anything else? There is no room in this MSG program for such men as the bigot, the blowhard or the moral weakling."

The board Cpl Smith had faced consisted of the CO of "F" Company and two company officers, the Training Chief and two enlisted instructors, and a representative of the State Department. GySgt Harold C. Melonson, whose booming bass can negotiate the

**For years the Pacific Ocean area was the traditional realm
of Marines, but, today, more and more are serving in Europe**



The eyes of the sports world were glued on Rome and the Olympic Games last month. Cpl James E.

Rice (R) and ASgt James Allen had inspected two of the stadiums long before the games began



Were it not for the famous Colosseum behind them, this scene could be Rome, N. Y., rather than Italy

ASSgt John Grilley (L) and Sgt Eugene Carlton took their dates to Madrid's famed Plaza de Toros



entire vocal range from brotherly affection to acid sarcasm, began the questioning. Because of Bill's few demerits, the Gunnery had gone light on him. When a man showed lack of motivation, the gunny might begin the interrogation with an innocuous remark like, "Sergeant Gyrene, I notice that your belt buckle is slightly tarnished; would you please tell the board about that."

A veteran of two years as NCOiC at New Delhi, India, there is little that Gunnery Melonson doesn't notice.

The CO never permitted the questioning to proceed to the point of harassment. His own tone had been friendly, almost fatherly—but unmistakably firm.

"The State Department representative," the former member went on,

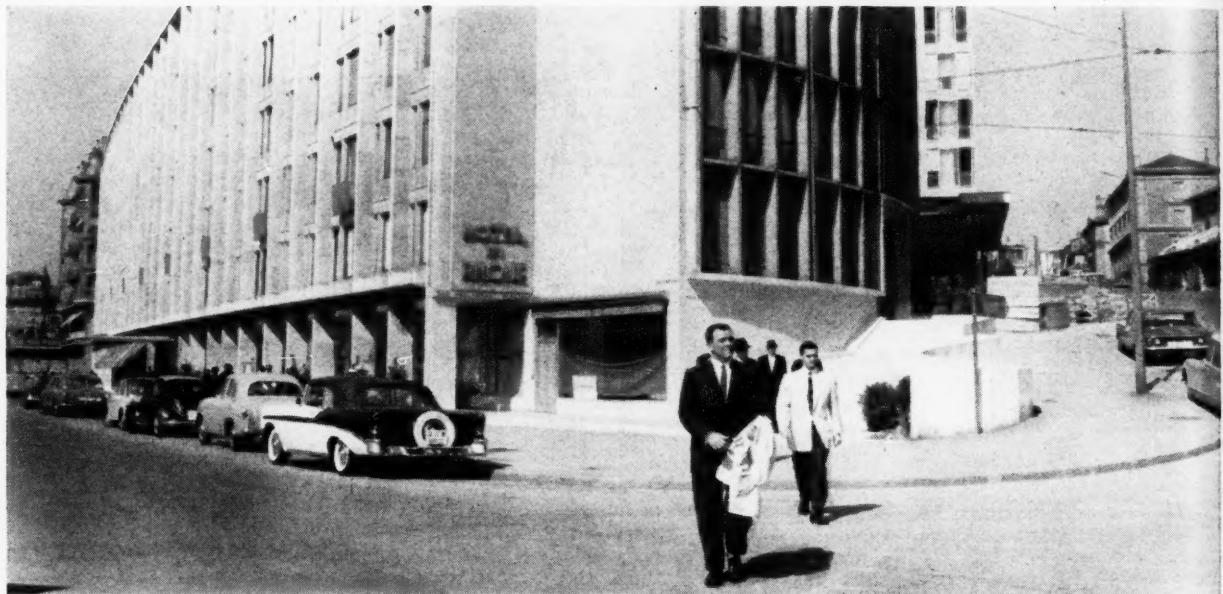
"generally asks at least one question of each man whereas, many times, one or the other of us would decline to question a man if we'd seen and heard enough to form our opinion."

Each board member perused Bill's military and school records and his background questionnaire as the questioning progressed. At its conclusion, each submitted to the CO a form on which he was graded on nine points ranging from military bearing to evidence of maturity. Each recommended whether he should be dropped or retained. (After the first interview, they can classify a student as "Questionable." For the second interview, this category cannot be used.)

"This screening business," continued the Marine, "is the most ticklish aspect of the school since it smacks of In-

quisition' techniques. We know no Marine wants to be asked about his finances or his personal life. Who does? But we think the screening concept is a vital part of the program. If a student is going to trip himself up with his mouth, or otherwise endanger the success of the program, we want it to happen here—not overseas."

(In a sense, it is unfortunate that the two screening sessions which last, at most, 15 minutes apiece, should receive so much emphasis in any discussion of MSG School. To dwell over-long on the screening process is to minimize the rest of the school's well-rounded curriculum. Still, Cpl Smith and the 3000 other successful graduates of the school since 1954 would probably agree that their survival of the second screening was the big turning point,



ASgts Ronald A. Stewart and Francis J. Ellis left the American Consulate in Geneva at the end

of the working day. Geneva's nearness to Italy, France and Germany offers diverse week-end liberty



Three Marines relaxed in their London quarters before reporting to the embassy for their nightly

rounds of inspecting doors, safes—even discarded carbon paper—for evidence of security violations

EMBASSY MARINES (cont.)

morale-wise, in the program.)

The second screening had taken place on Monday of the third week of training. The following afternoon, Bill and the others who had "got by" the board, were informed to which Foreign Service post they would be assigned.

During the first two weeks the pace had been brisk by any standards. There had been inspections, tests, drills, lectures, demonstrations, conferences and training films. Subjects ranged from "The Foreign Service Establishment" and "American History" through "Personal Conduct Overseas" and "International Organizations" to "Current Events."

Now, the screenings behind them, the

tempo quickened. Over the remaining three weeks they would cover subjects that no infantry unit would ever teach, such as: "Guarding Against Sabotage," "Protocol and Etiquette," and "Common Security Violations."

They would learn hard facts, such as how to recognize and deal with "cranks" who have been, and can again be, either dangerous or disruptive to the operation of a post. They would learn in-



In their own mess hall in Rome, Marines do not do as the Romans do. MSGs eat Italian food, but

at American hours. Romans eat their "noon" meal at 2:00 p.m., and their "evening" meal at 10:30 p.m.

teresting facts, such as the intricacies of locking devices. They would learn sobering facts, for example, that, throughout history, in approximately one out of every two attempted assassinations, the victim was killed.

And, woven throughout all the instruction, was their explicit mission as MSGs. First, they would provide pro-

tection to all classified and administratively controlled material contained in a Foreign Service post, and, secondly, they would provide protection to the Government property at the post.

Then, suddenly, almost unexpectedly, it was over. And Cpl Bill Smith and his nearly 100 classmates filed up on the stage of the Post Theater at Henderson Hall to receive their "diploma."

At this point, let's leave our fictional Cpl Smith to his reminiscences and take a realistic look at the MSG program as a whole.

It is fair to say that it is not without its critics. This year, a respected pub-

lication hinted that MSGs were being used as personal "bodyguards" to the various ambassadors. The charge was both unfortunate and untrue. Classified information and government property are what Marines protect. The American Embassy in Paris, with its 37-man Marine detachment, the largest in the world, has 11 posts spread out over eight buildings. But there are no posts around the ambassador's quarters.

Others see danger in reposing "too much authority" in the hands of veteran Marine NCOs rather than officers. Of the 93 Foreign Service posts, all but one—Paris—is commanded by a senior enlisted (continued on page 82)



Punching the bag, lifting weights or snoozing in the Lisbon sun are different versions of PT

ASgt R. E. Kilroy, (foreground) a gifted mimic, kept the Paris crew in stitches with his antics



Lou Lowery's inquisitive camera recently recorded a double date between two Marines and two delightful femmes in Paris. It took a lot of persuasion to get one of the Marines to step out of camera range so that you, in his place, could enjoy a . . .

Date in Paris

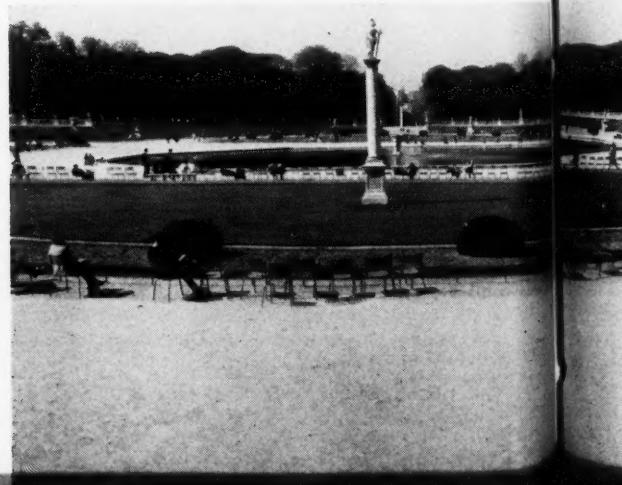
Herewith, the story of that date:



"Come over here with me. I would like you to meet Sgt Dan Billings and my friend, Judy. He, too, is a Marine."



"Bonjouur, monsieur. I am Janet. It is a fine day, no?"



"Let's take a short cut around the circle . . . where . . ."



"Turn left here—I mean right!
Right, turn right, **A DROITE!**"



"He wasn't really angry. He said I should teach you the language."



"**A droite** means to the right."



"**A gauche** means to the left."



"**Tout droit** means to continue on straight ahead."

"Please do not call it *funny money*. You'll need to know its value."



DATE IN PARIS (cont.)



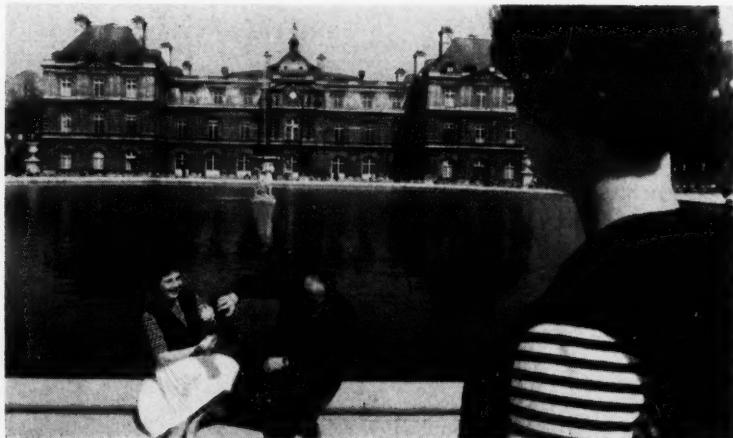
"Would you care to have *un verre de biere*—a glass of beer?"



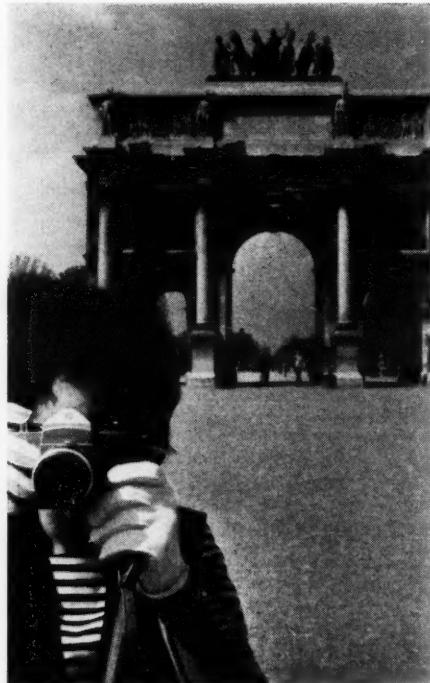
"Please moor my balloon atop the Eiffel Tower?"



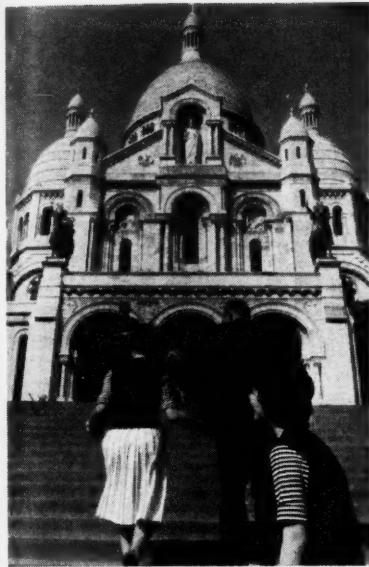
"Merci, Monsieur Marine; they are my favorite."



"That building? It is quite old and very famous. Let me see now. . . ."



"Smile, that's it; no, no, smile!"



"Not so fast. What's the rush?
Sacre-Cœur has been here for
centuries. It will wait for us."



"No, thank you. You look—the height scares me."



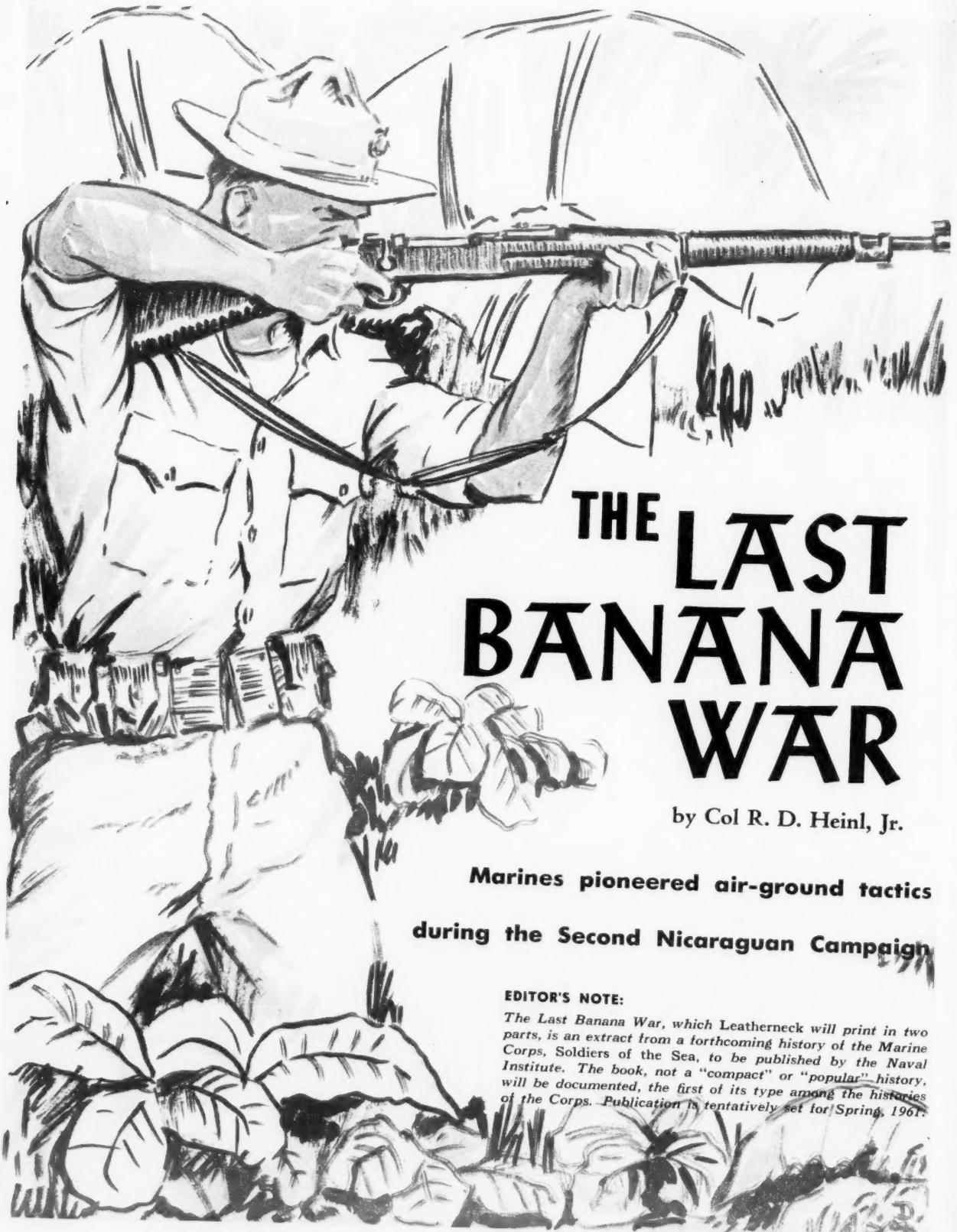
"I've done all the walking I care to.
My poor feet are about to fall off."



"Dancing? You goose, of course I'm
not too tired to go dancing with you."



"You are a very good dancer, *mon ami*.
I have much enjoyed being with you."



THE LAST BANANA WAR

by Col R. D. Heinl, Jr.

Marines pioneered air-ground tactics
during the Second Nicaraguan Campaign

EDITOR'S NOTE:

*The Last Banana War, which Leatherneck will print in two parts, is an extract from a forthcoming history of the Marine Corps, *Soldiers of the Sea*, to be published by the Naval Institute. The book, not a "compact" or "popular" history, will be documented, the first of its type among the histories of the Corps. Publication is tentatively set for Spring, 1961.*

IF EVER there was a frontier between the old and the new, in the eras of the Corps, Nicaragua was it. As it so often happens, nobody recognized this at the time. Since then, the Marine Corps has been too busy to reflect on why the last Banana War was important, different and a turning point.

The second Nicaraguan Campaign—its full title—lasted from 1926 to 1933. It provided the final combat experience for Marines until Pearl Harbor. More significant, Nicaragua was the first modern air-ground campaign in the history of war, and it confronted the Marine Corps with a new kind of guerrilla—Augusto "Cesar" Sandino—whose methods and political orientation clearly foreshadowed those of native Communist revolutionaries who have since provided this century with so many of its headaches.

Instead of thinking of this almost forgotten military episode as a source of sea stories (which it surely was), Marines may well review the Nicaraguan campaign and ponder its lessons for today and tomorrow.

PRIOR to 1926, U. S. Marines had not been unknown to the Republic of Nicaragua. Aside from five landings there during the 19th century, the country was the scene of a major expedition, with serious fighting, in 1912, when "Uncle Joe" Pendleton, ably assisted by Major Smedley D. Butler, pacified western Nicaragua after an unusually turbulent surge of revolution. When the Marine brigade went home, the Department of State requested and obtained a Marine guard—four officers and 101 enlisted—for the Legation in Managua. The tranquilizing effect of this small detachment was remarkable: peace reigned over Nicaragua for the next 13 years.

In August, 1925, considering that things had been quiet long enough, the State Department, despite the misgivings of Managua's foreign colony and even some Nicaraguan leaders, withdrew the Marines and left the country to its own devices.

Within less than three months, on 24 October 1925, General Chamorro, chief-tain of the Conservative Party, seized La Loma, the fortified hill which commands Managua, and, by the beginning of the new year, had purged the government of every single member of the opposing Liberal Party.

In early May, 1926, with arms run into the country by President Calles of Mexico, the Liberals struck back. Revolt flared along the entire east coast of Nicaragua.

To PROTECT U.S. lives and extensive American and foreign prop-

erty in and about Bluefields, principal east-coast town, the ancient cruiser *Cleveland* was ordered to neutralize the place to forces of both factions. On 7 May, under the *Cleveland*'s 5-inch guns, motor sailors made for shore with Colors flying and boat guns mounted, and khaki-clad Marines in field hats and leggings occupied Bluefields. A month later, when the coast quieted momentarily, they withdrew. But, by August, the *USS Galveston*'s Marines had the job to do over again, and Bluefields was once more at peace. Subsequently the squadron's flagship, the *USS Rochester* (which as the *New York* had transported Major Waller's battalion in the Philippine Insurrection) took over the vigil at Bluefields, landing her Marines under a tall captain, John Thomason, who later reminisced:

"... a splendid weapon, this guard: 103 Marines, 80 rifles, 2 machine guns, and the 37mm gun for landing forces; it was an organization proved and competent, and regarded with schooled respect by more than one frustrated Latin-American *junta*."

With American diplomats prodding them, the warring leaders agreed to a conference on 10 October at Corinto on the west coast. The *USS Denver*, another relic cruiser, came along with her Marines at the request of all parties, just to insure fair play. No use—civil war resumed as usual, and, at year's end, with the Liberal cause prospering on Mexican arms and popular sympathy, the United States found the situation deadlocked, despite our desire to keep the *de jure* Conservative government in power. Moreover, as a practical matter, not all the Marines in the Panama-based Special Service Squadron were enough to maintain neutralized zones along the east coast where trouble was worst and where most foreign interest was concentrated.

To meet the crisis, the Navy asked for, and got, the 2d Battalion, Fifth Marines, which providentially was at Guantánamo Bay. On 10 January 1927, Lieutenant Colonel James J. Meade arrived with the battalion at Bluefields in the transport *Argonne*, and in a week had aborted a battle brewing up-river at Rama where a Conservative army built around one ancient 180-mm. French field piece, and seven Lewis guns, was squaring off with the Liberals. So pacifying was the effect of the battalion that Meade withdrew on 18 January, leaving one company at Bluefields, and hied the remainder of the battalion to the west coast of Nicaragua via the Panama Canal.

While the 2d Battalion, Fifth Marines was en route to Nicaragua, the

focus of revolution shifted west; the U.S. policy of neutralizing any place on the east coast that was worth fighting for had, in its way, accomplished results. Managua now shivered, and the *Galveston*, crowding on every one of her rated 16.4 knots, made for the port of Corinto to send her landing forces up to the capital and reestablish the Legation Guard. They arrived on 6 January. Three weeks later, the 2d Battalion, Fifth Marines, followed via the railroad which Pendleton and Butler had conquered in 1912.

No sooner was Meade's battalion at Managua than the Liberals fiercely attacked the railroad at Chinandega, just outside Corinto, burned the town, and swarmed through Matagalpa Province, stopping long enough to put a ragged fusillade through the official car of the Secretary of the U.S. Legation, who was attempting to determine at first hand the extent of the revolution. He found out.

This last, in particular, was not to be brooked. Rear Admiral Julian L. Latimer, Commander Special Service Squadron, on 9 February, ordered the entire railroad neutralized, and called for more Marines. On 26 February, the first reinforcements arrived from San Diego—Observation Squadron 1, reinforced by a rifle company. This detachment, under Major Ross E. Rowell (later to become the first Marine aviator to wear stars) debarked at Corinto, and hauled their six DHs up to Managua on flatcars. Nine days later—direct from Quantico's Post Dock, aboard the *Henderson*—came the remainder of the Fifth Regiment with 2d Brigade Headquarters commanded by Brigadier General Logan Feland. Counting all ships' landing forces ashore, plus a battalion from the Scouting Force, (detachments from the *Texas*, *Florida* and *Arkansas*), there were now some 2000 Marines in Nicaragua, distributed in 14 different towns. The Nicaraguan affair had become an expedition.

THE United States had two strong reasons for desiring peace and stability in Nicaragua. One was the country's proximity to the Canal Zone, jugular vein of American strategic interest in the Caribbean. The second was our commitment, self-assumed during Teddy Roosevelt's "Big Stick" days, that the United States, while enforcing a hands off rule against European nations with Latin-American interests, would in turn assure the equal protection of those interests together with our own. This was why the Nicaraguan civil war gave such concern to the State Department and why the Marine Brigade had landed.

BANANA WAR (cont.)

At almost the same time as the *Henderson* was standing down the Potomac, President Calvin Coolidge was conferring with a trusted advisor, Henry L. Stimson—often addressed as "Colonel" by virtue of World War I service. The Nicaraguan mess must somehow be cleared up; would Col Stimson go down there as the President's special representative and work out some solution to end the civil war and set the country on its feet? Stimson's answer, of course, was yes.

In mid-April, 1927, Col Stimson reached Nicaragua. The situation at this moment has been well described by his biographer:

"Three things speedily became clear. First, the civil war was hopelessly stalemated; both sides were incapable of effective offensive action; the Conservative superiority in numbers was matched by the superior military skill of the Liberal general. If the war continued, neither side could win and all Nicaragua must be the loser. Second, the bulk of the people, including even the active Liberals and Conservatives, were heartily sick of war. . . . Third, most Nicaraguans, on both sides, would be happy to see the war ended by a promise of mediation and good offices from the United States, and by 'good offices,' they meant American supervision of a new national election."

The high point of the Stimson mission came on 4 May at the town of Tipitapa, a few miles outside of Managua. Here, under protection of Marines, the leaders of both factions—Diaz, the Conservative, and Moncada the Liberal—met with Col Stimson. Moncada's presence was in itself a demonstration of confidence in the Americans. He had been sought out by a patrol headed by Major Marion B. Humphrey, and, trusting his life to the Marines, had consented to leave his own lines and enter those of his enemies in order to meet with Stimson.

From a political viewpoint, the meeting was a brilliant success. Diaz and Moncada quickly came to terms which did each credit. Diaz and the Conservatives were to remain in office until 1928; meanwhile the Marines were to disarm both armies and assume responsibility for public order while commencing the organization and training of a national constabulary, the *Guardia Nacional*. In 1928, there were to be American-supervised, free elections with secret balloting. Thereafter, the United States would support the elected government and maintain order until the *Guardia* could take over.

From the standpoint of the 2d Ma-

rine Brigade the Peace of Tipitapa was a very large bite indeed. The United States—or more precisely, the Marines—stood committed to unspecified, but obviously not small, pacification operations in an enormous unmapped jungle twice the size of Haiti, demoralized by civil war and swarming with armed deserters and professional bandits, but these were only portents. For the moment, with honest cooperation from the majorities on both sides, the Fifth Regiment collected the weapons of the two armies—fourteen 704 rifles, 309 machine guns, and almost six million rounds of ammunition. The reports fail to mention what happened to the 108-mm. cannon at Rama. Within 10 days after the peace, while the Fifth Marines manned a neutral cordon between, both the Liberal and Conservative armies disbanded. Col Stimson went home well pleased. On 19 May, however, heading in the opposite direction, came the Eleventh Marines (Colonel R. C. Berkeley), and Observation Squadron 4, the former shaken together from remnants at Quantico and Charleston, and from the 1st Brigade in Haiti. These units brought the 2d Brigade up to 181 officers and 2800 enlisted men so that it could cope effectively with any possible disorder. More than 45 local garrisons were established, and seemingly, a bad situation had been relieved. At any rate that was what Col Stimson thought, and, with more immediate effect on the course of operations, so did General Feland. Considerable reduction in the 2d Brigade strength might be undertaken, he opined, within a few weeks once things settled down.



WHATEVER the situation in Nicaragua was, as distinct from what it seemed to be, the Marine Corps was, at the moment, in dire need of every Marine who could shoulder a rifle. This was because of the China expedition which had most inconveniently been called away in May,

1927, to cope with an explosive situation in the Far East. There is no question but that the conflicting, heavy demand for troops in China exerted pressure to reduce the 2d Brigade to the minimum, as soon as possible.

This was immediately undertaken. In June, 1927, before the Eleventh Marines had hardly stacked arms, a thousand officers and men were withdrawn from Nicaragua. On 6 September the Eleventh Regiment left the country for disbandment, and Observation Squadron 1 merged with Observation Squadron 4 to form Observation 7 (VO-7M). This left the 2d Brigade a very thin brigade indeed—just the Fifth Marines and VO-7M. Meanwhile, Colonel Louis M. Gulick had succeeded Feland as the brigade commander.

Steps were promptly taken to start organizing and training the new *Guardia* which, it was hoped, could soon take over police of the areas in the north with greatest trouble potential. Here, too, was a somewhat rosy expectation which events contrived to blight. The *Guardia* was to have a strength of a thousand men and some 60 officers, of whom about 35 were to be Marines. After two preliminary commandants, the first permanent *Jefe Director*—Brigadier General (Lieutenant Colonel USMC) Elias R. Beadle—was appointed on 12 July 1927. Once again miscalculation secured a foothold; the *Jefe Director* was destined to get and remain consistently out of step with the policies and objectives of the 2d Brigade during trying months to come.

That these months might be trying was soon foreshadowed. At one o'clock in the morning on 16 May 1927, just 12 days after the Peace of Tipitapa, a covey of some 200 bandit marauders swept through the town of La Paz Centro, shooting and looting as was the custom of the country. Outside town, camped the Marine Detachment of the *Arkansas*, protecting the railroad. When the alarm was raised, Captain Richard B. Buchanan, the detachment commander, sounded Call to Arms, and moved out with a platoon. As General Lejeune later related:

"Buchanan did a very gallant thing. He went right into that town in the dead of night, and the town was full of these people (bandits). They were looting the stores and houses; and he was killed by a shot from a window."

Buchanan's second-in-command, Second Lieutenant Clarence J. Chappell, Jr., promptly took command and pressed the attack, while the mud town zinged with bullets. After a two-hour fight, in which another Marine was killed and two more wounded, the bandits cleared out, leaving 14 dead.

Capt Buchanan was the first Marine officer—but not the last—to be killed in the Nicaraguan campaign.

Ten days later, at Chinandega, still in ruins from the earlier Liberal attack, came word that one "General" Cabulla, late of the Liberal army, was terrorizing the vicinity. Again the townspeople sent for help to the nearby Marine camp. Hearing that Cabulla was to be found at El Viejo, not far away, the detachment commander, Captain William P. Richards, took two men with him and set out. As Richards entered

"Up there in the mountains" lies Ocotal, the capital of Nueva province, Sandino's home country. On 1 July 1927, Ocotal was garrisoned by a 37-man Marine detachment under Captain Gilbert D. Hatfield and 47 *Guardias* under Lieutenant Grover C. Darnall. The Marines were in a stoutly built adobe barracks on the town plaza with a walled compound; the *Guardia* had barracks of their own, across the plaza. When Capt Hatfield learned that Sandino, the missing Liberal leader, was nearby, he sent word out that it

For almost two hours a fire fight raged. Then the shooting slackened, and Sandino's bugles sounded recall. An hour later a second attack commenced. This, too, was beaten off, but steady firing continued until 0810. Once again, the Nicaraguans checked fire. This time a flag of truce came forward to the barracks. With supreme impudence, Sandino complimented Capt Hatfield on his "brave fight," said he knew the Marines were short of water (they were not, in fact), and demanded his surrender within the hour. "My reply," reported Hatfield:

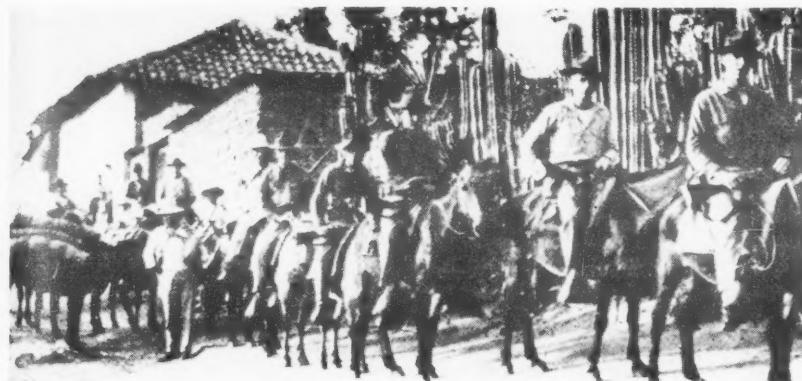
"was that Marines did not know how to surrender and that water or no water he would stick it out until killed or captured, and that firing would be resumed as soon as the (truce) flag bearer had turned the nearest corner."

At the very moment that Hatfield was telling Sandino's envoy where to go, a section of DH-4s piloted by Lieutenant Hayne D. Boyden and Marine Gunner Michael Wodarczyk, was warming up at Managua for the routine morning patrol over the Northern Area. At 1010, as the two chugged over Ocotal, it was apparent that something was very wrong. While "Mike" Wodarczyk launched a strafing run on some obviously hostile natives below, Lt Boyden proceeded to land his airplane on the deserted airstrip, collared a frightened townsman, and learned what was afoot. Wodarczyk meanwhile had confirmed his fears by sighting a panel display inside the Marine compound—"Being attacked by Sandino." Boyden took off in a flurry of rifle fire and rejoined Wodarczyk. Both pilots expended all ammunition in strafing attacks, and hightailed it to get support from Managua.

At 1230, Major Rowell, squadron commander of Observation 1, stormed out of Managua with every operational Marine airplane on the field—five DH-4s—each armed with four 25-pound bombs and every round of machine gun ammunition that could be belted. Despite foul weather, they made it to Ocotal by 1435. In Rowell's words:

"I led off the attack and dived out of column from 1500 feet, pulling out at about 600. Later, we ended up by diving from 1000 and pulling out at 300. Since the enemy had not been subjected to any form of bombing attack, other than the dynamite charges thrown from the Laird-Swallows by the (two-plane) Nicaraguan Air Force, they had no fear of us . . . We were able to inflict damage which was out of all proportion to what they might have suffered had they taken cover."

This was the first dive-bombing attack in history. It was a sensational success. "After the second pass of the



the house of a lady who was entertaining Cabulla, the bandit leader reached for a pistol while the hostess swung a machete. Unfortunately, Cabulla drew on the wrong man; Richards, a National Match pistol shot, had him faded, and seconds later, the career of Cabulla was ended.

WHILE the contending factions turned in their arms during May, 1927, one minor leader among the Liberals thought differently, and, with 150 armed followers, vanished into the jungle. This man, Augusto "Cesar" (originally "Calderon") Sandino by name, had led a checkered life. As a young blade in 1916, he shot a fellow townsman of San Rafael in northern Nicaragua, and sought exile in Mexico then seething with revolution. Here, working in the Tampico oil fields, he made professional and Communist contacts which were later to prove extremely useful. In 1925, things cooled off sufficiently at home for him to return via Guatemala, and go to work as a clerk in an American-owned gold mine at San Albino. The owner later remarked, "He was a fair clerk, and was a very forcible and cruel person." To this General Lejeune added, "He is very vain; he has ability; he is ambitious; he would rather be the leader of a band up there in the mountains than be working in the mines as a clerk."

was high time to come in and surrender. During the night of 16 July, Sandino came in, but not to surrender. From nightfall of the 15th, small bands of Sandino's force—800 men with eight assorted machine guns, Sandino later disclosed—drifted into Ocotal. Certain bandits, by Sandino's order, carried extra rifles and ammunition, to arm sympathizers in the town. More than a hundred *habitantes* of Liberal persuasion responded. The telegraph wires were cut. A detail carrying mining dynamite approached the crude airstrip outside Ocotal, with orders to blow up any Marine planes that might be there. None were. Machine guns and automatic rifles were stealthily sited to cover the plaza and Marine Barracks. Altogether, a workmanlike plan which Sandino had set down with Latin flourish, in a written operation order. "We come," he proclaimed, "to drink Yanqui blood."

At 0115 the Marine sentry in front of the Barracks saw a suspicious movement and challenged. His answer was a burst of rifle fire; seconds later a machine gun cut loose. Within three minutes both the Marine Barracks and *Guardia* headquarters were under fire from all directions. Under this fusillade the field music sounded Call to Arms (which some might have thought a needless formality), and the defenders, who had been sleeping with their weapons, sprang to general quarters.

**For 13 years, 105 Marines had kept
an uneasy peace in Nicaragua. Their departure
in 1925 opened the door to anarchy**

BANANA WAR (cont.)

planes," reported another aviation officer:

"the enemy began pouring out of the town and ran wildly to cover, horses were dispersed, and, in general, there was a wild scramble. This afforded an excellent target for the planes with their machine guns, and bombs were reserved for large groups."

After 45 minutes, the DH-4s began to run low on gas and ordnance, and headed for base. The battle of Ocotal was over, and the Marines and *Guardia* warily mopped up the battered town while daylight lasted. Approximately 300 bandits and sympathizing townspeople were killed, about two-thirds by Rowell's dive-bombing—"practically every Liberal family in town being in mourning," commented Capt. Hatfield. One Marine was killed and four Marines and *Guardias* wounded.

This crushing, dramatic—and, to be truthful, unexpected—victory over Sandino on his first major operation had the unfortunate effect of persuading even the most knowing that the bandit leader would never be heard from again. That this was not quite so soon became apparent.

The village of Telpaneca is about 10 miles southeast of Ocotal. It was garrisoned in September, 1927, by a detachment of 21 Marines and 25 *Guardia* under Captain (First Lieutenant USMC) Herbert S. Keimling.

On the foggy night of 18-19 September—just two months and three days after the attack on Ocotal, and at the very same hour, one o'clock in the morning—Sandino struck again, this time at Telpaneca. As described by a private in the garrison, the affair opened with a bang:

"The first thing that woke us up was a hand-made bomb which exploded in the rear of our quarters. The first rifle shot was fired in the storeroom, where the cooks and messmen were asleep. The first shot had hit Pvt. Russell who was sleeping near the front door. This same shot went through his bed and through mine, missing me by a few inches. Pvt. Russell, after he was wounded, jumped up and grabbed his rifle and fired three shots and was shot again, right near the heart. He laid down his rifle and went to his bed to lay

down and die, which he did in about three or four minutes . . ."

With a sustained, intense burst of fire from three sub-machine guns and two Lewis guns, the bandits—led by "General" Salgado, a survivor of Ocotal—hoisted down, throwing hand grenades and do-it-yourself dynamite bombs. Two rushes of riflemen and fierce machete-men swirled up to the front door of the Marine barracks which here, as at Ocotal, was the main objective. "Viva Sandino . . . Muera los Estados Unidos . . . Este por Marines . . ." yelled the 200 outlaws while the Marines' lone Lewis gun cut them down in the plaza. More dynamite bombs were pitched, this time into the rear of the *Guardia* barracks; here Raso (Private) Pedro Saballas fielded one and heaved it back with the fuze still burning. Meanwhile, between rushes—showing the Marine Corps touch—the *Guardia* cook laid aside his rifle and served out hot coffee from the bullet-riddled galley stove.

At 0230 the fog began to break, but the outlaws continued their attack, shifting their sub-machine guns about from sector to sector, finally concentrating in the rear of the barracks where a Browning Automatic Rifle held them at bay. "All night long," related one Marine, "you could hear Lieutenant Keimling give out orders, exposing himself to the enemy, finding out where the snipers were . . . on the job just as any Marine officer would do, if not better."

After three, while the fog continued to lift, the defenders saw the bandits beginning to drag off their dead and wounded, estimated at 50, and—this was significant, but then not realized—retiring to the eastward. By daybreak at five, with two Marines killed and one *Guardia* badly wounded, all was quiet. The enlisted narrator summed things up:

"This fight was sure a hard one on us men, but we stood it through, and sure would have loved to see them stay for awhile after it got light so we could have showed Sandino our marksmanship."

THE somewhat ineffectual sequel to the Ocotal and Telpaneca attacks—which should have convinced anyone that Sandino was operating a going concern with really dangerous possibilities—was a temporary step-up

in local patrolling in Nueva Segovia, but seemingly no apprehension by the Brigade commander that what he had was far too little to keep the situation from running away. Moreover, Beadle, the *Guardia* commandant, with support from the Nicaraguan government, insisted on withholding the bulk of the *Guardia Nacional* as a rural police force for the peace areas, leaving the undermanned Marine brigade to shift for itself in the north.

Meanwhile, on 8 October 1927, there occurred an aircraft crash which was to result in a major campaign.

At about 10 in the morning, while on the daily reconnaissance patrol over Nueva Segovia, the 02B-1 (a metal fuselage version of the old DH) of Second Lieutenant Earl A. Thomas, coughed and quit about five miles north of the remote town of Quilali. Minutes later, the airplane rammed into the jungle sides of a razor-backed ridge, Sapotillal, destined to be a name of ill omen for Marines of the Northern Area.

While Lt. Thomas and his observer, Sergeant Frank E. Dowdell, shook themselves out of the wreck unhurt, Thomas's wingman, Marine Gunner "Mike" Wodarczyk, dipped low, dropped a map marked with their position, and headed for Ocotal, the nearest airstrip with a friendly garrison.

Lt. Thomas and Sgt. Dowdell were never again seen alive by our forces. Bandit defectors later revealed that they were followed by a band of 15 outlaws, whom they fought off with their pistols, killing five. Then they coerced two natives into guiding them toward Jicaro, where there was a small Marine outpost. On the trail, one native attacked them with his machete and cut Lt. Thomas seriously; Dowdell shot this one, but the other bolted and brought word to the bandits, some 40 of whom intercepted the two aviators. After their ammunition was used up, they were captured, and, according to photographs which Sandino circulated to the Honduran and Mexican newspapers, were tortured and hanged. A vivid and only thinly disguised fictional reconstruction of the ordeal of Thomas and Dowdell, *Air Patrol*, was written shortly after by John W. Thomason, and may be found in *Marines and Others*.

By 1130 on the day of the crash, Gunner Wodarczyk had dropped word to the Marines at Jicaro, and, 45 minutes later, the output commander, First Lieutenant George J. O'Shea, had a rescue patrol on the trail. This group included a squad of Marines, 10 *Guardias*, and a surgeon, Lieutenant John B. O'Neill, USN.

Next morning, having covered 22 miles since noon the day before O'Shea's

patrol was at the approximate location of the wreck. To the eye, Sapotill Ridge seemed empty and quiet, and the point moved forward cautiously.

"We were 100 yards up (reported Lt O'Shea) when the advance guard was fired upon from the trail ahead. We halted, took the best cover available and returned the fire. The hill was occupied by about 200 bandits, who seemed to be well armed and had plenty of ammunition. . . . We began to receive heavy fire from a hill to our right and rear, distant about 100 yards. About 10 dynamite bombs were thrown close to us, this time from above. Men above us were yelling to those on the other hill to fire lower, and on the other hill, they were directing them to drop dynamite bombs on us."

It was a classic ambush; the bandits had known a rescue patrol must come, and were waiting. With at least a hundred enemy to his rear, O'Shea determined to press forward. The impetus of the patrol's attack broke through. Momentarily they were clear, but only momentarily; coming down the trail dead ahead were 75 additional bandits, apparently a reserve group. In the head-on collision there was a burst of confused fighting, in which Dr. O'Neill, armed with a dead man's rifle, "did great work." Under a shower of grenades, the bandit reinforcements wavered, then retreated to the next hill. Again beset from the rear, O'Shea

base, no man knew exactly where. Its name, not to be found on any map, was said to be "Chipote."

Once, however, shortly after the Ocotal attack, a Marine patrol, led by an officer who was somewhat of a student of classic war, had actually come within striking distance of Chipote, which the native guide had described. The second in command, Captain V. F. Bleasdale, promptly volunteered to take part of the patrol and go there. "I will never divide my force in the presence of the enemy," pronounced the patrol leader, and that was that. Before very long, quite a few members of Brigade headquarters found themselves wishing that the officer in question had been less inclined to think like Jomini and more inclined to listen to Bleasdale.

More immediately, however, nobody had yet been able to reach the wreckage of Lt Thoma's airplane, let alone find any trace of Thomas or Sgt Dowdell. To attend to these matters, two patrols were launched in a pincer advance on the Sapotill area, one, under First Lieutenant Moses J. Gould, moving north from Matagalpa, the other, under Lt C. J. Chappell, following O'Shea's route south from Jicaro. Both were to rendezvous at Quilali. Chappell arrived first, on 26 October, and was immediately hit by an aggressive force of some 175 bandits, who surrounded him on Sapotill Ridge, and held his

around Quilali and Sapotill Ridge was alive with bandits, and that any force entering this area was apt to find itself in trouble. Presumably, in turn, this was regarded by Sandino as a sensitive neighborhood. Adding up everything now known (including information from a number of Sandino's orders which had been found on enemy dead), intelligence concluded that Chipote must be somewhere nearby.

On 23 November, after a systematic air search, Maj Rowell found Chipote. As described by General Lejeune, who flew over it himself during the subsequent campaign:

"It was a well fortified mountain, with a great many trenches, and they had machine guns there. They had fields of fire cleared, and they had constructed shacks at each defensive position for the shelter of their men, and on top of the mountain were quite a number of these shacks they had built, some for storehouses, apparently, and some for dwelling places."

Chipote—"La Fortaleza," Sandino sometimes called it, and with good reason—lay about seven miles northeast of Sapotill Ridge, which was undoubtedly a forward outpost position. Now it was clear why the Tepaneca raiders had retired east; *La Fortaleza* was 15 miles eastward as the crow flies. Moreover, it was just 26 miles from the frontier of Honduras, where Sandino had friends.

NOW THAT he knew where (and what) Chipote was, Col Gulick apparently felt that his troubles were over. If so, he continued to underestimate the staying power, technical proficiency, numerical strength, and base of support which enabled Sandino, a professional revolutionist with international connections, to remain in business. Despite the increasingly ugly tempo of bandit activity since mid-Summer, and this in the face of what should have been bad setbacks for Sandino, no steps had yet been taken to reinforce the half-demobilized Marine brigade or to get the *Guardia Nacional* into the campaign as a major force. What was worse, except for the casualty reports, nobody in Washington had yet been made aware that there was real trouble in Nicaragua.

The forthcoming events of December, 1927, were shortly to advertise the situation as, in fact, it existed.

On 19 December, two columns were again sent into the bandit area, with the mission of setting up a base on Quilali and then to capture and destroy *La Fortaleza*. One, headed by Captain Richard Livingston, set out from Jinotega with 115 officers and men; the other, under First Lieutenant Merton A. Richal, (continued on page 88)



pulled his 14 survivors into the thick brush off the trail and retreated down a stream bed. Miraculously, the outlaws missed him, and, after a 30-mile stumble by compass through dense jungle, the patrol reached Jicaro just before midnight the next day, 10 October.

Until the air crash and the ambush of the O'Shea patrol, operations had been largely defensive, almost static, in fact. Now, however, the idea began to penetrate that Sandino's "Wild Beasts of the Mountains"—as he styled them—would require sustained offensive action. Rumor circulated through Nicaragua that the bandits had a secret

patrol in a defensive position until Gould came up two days later, and aided by air support, put the bandits to flight. Then—at length—the wrecked airplane was found, by *Guardia* Captain (second lieutenant USMC) R. E. Hogaboom, but, needless to say, there were no traces of the two aviators. On the way back to Jicaro, the combined patrols had a pitched battle with another bandit group estimated to contain 250 men. Sixty of the Sandinistas were killed or wounded; one Marine and one *Guardia* were killed, while another Marine was wounded.

The upshot of all these fights was the growing realization that the country

the noise-happy ghost





by James Guilford

BECAUSE THIS is just about the wild-est story ever to be told by Marines who fought in Korea, it must be understood that all names and places have been disguised and, in all fairness, only those few who were there when it happened will believe it. You won't find it recorded in any history of the Corps' battles, but you may sometime hear it mentioned in slopechutes or clubs by fearless old salts who could care less about what people think of their sanity. If I'm around, I'm too smart to open my mouth, but I know. I was there. . . .

GHOST (cont.)

Two big hills had been taken, but the gooks were still dug in on the fingers leading out from the ridge between the hills; the Reds were plentiful in the valleys too. Although we had thrown tons of napalm we could not burn out the Commies. The artillery was chopping up the landscape into brown hunks of blasted acreage, but the garlic-lovers in the bunkers were as cozy and indifferent to it all as a grannie knitting socks by a fireplace.

When we moved up, we knew there was only one way to buy the real estate—the price: men and guts. But it was a waiting war, and while we waited, we did a little digging ourselves. While we dug steadily, we did not dig with enthusiasm—that is, all but Cpl Pappavik. Rudy Pappavik seemed to be a hell on wheels when it came to making a hole in the ground. By the time the rest of us had cut out two feet of the lousy soil, Pappavik was out of sight and the dirt and rocks came flying out of the hole like a dynamite blast.

MSgt Michael Kelly had once asked Pappavik how he did it. The little corporal's swarthy face took on a sombre cast and he answered, "I have help." Then he walked away before Kelly could ask him to elaborate on his puzzling answer.

One day Kelly was standing about fifty yards from the bunker where Pappavik was digging. Suddenly a boulder the size of a grapefruit grazed Kelly's shoulder. Before he could run ten feet in the direction of the corporal's mine, he was struck on the thigh with another rock the size of a baseball.

"You Roumanian gypsy," Kelly screamed. "I'll have you run up for this!"

A meek Cpl Pappavik came out of the bunker. "I'm sorry, Sergeant," he said.



"I'll try to see that it doesn't happen again."

"You coulda killed me," shouted the sergeant. "Put down that shovel and let's go."

"Where?"

"We're gonna see the man. There's something about all this I don't understand. Here," said Kelly, picking up the stone grapefruit, "let's see you throw this to your bunker."

"I can't," said Pappavik quietly.

"You threw it at me," stormed Kelly. "Now let's see how far you can throw it."

"Perhaps we should go see the Captain," said the corporal.

* * *

"Am I to understand, Kelly," said Captain Julius Bradshaw, "that you are accusing this little man, Cpl Pappavik, of hitting you with this boulder from a distance of fifty yards?"

"Yes, Sir. It came from his bunker, Sir."

"Anyone else in the bunker, Kelly?"

"No, Sir."

"Kelly," said the captain, "I'm sure you're mistaken. You may be just a little shook . . . perhaps an R & R would . . ."

"Sir," said Cpl Pappavik. "May I speak?"

"Of course, Corporal . . ."

"I have a confession to make. . . ."

"You threw that boulder. . . .?"

"Oh, no, Sir. I didn't throw it, but it did come from my bunker. . . ."

"But, if you were alone in the bunker. . . .?"

"I wasn't, Sir . . . I have a . . . a poltergeist. . . ."

"A what?"

"A poltergeist, Sir. It's a sort of a ghost. It's been in our family for years."

"You brought a family ghost along with you into the Marine Corps?"

"I couldn't help it, Sir. You see, until I enlisted it belonged to my brother who worked in a boiler factory. . . ."

"Corporal," said Capt Bradshaw evenly, "I want you to take it real slow, and tell us about this ghost or whatever it is—and, Pappavik, it better be good."

"Well, you see, Sir, it was passed on down through many generations, ever since we were a gypsy tribe in Roumania. It didn't like me at all because I was learning to be an embalmer and undertaking places are very quiet and poltergeists like lots of noise so this one stayed with my brother who worked in a boiler factory. . . ."

"And this," said Sgt Kelly, "is why I got hit with a rock?"

"Well, maybe," said the corporal. "My poltergeist likes you very much because you are always making a lot of noise and he . . . he throws things at anything or anybody who is con-

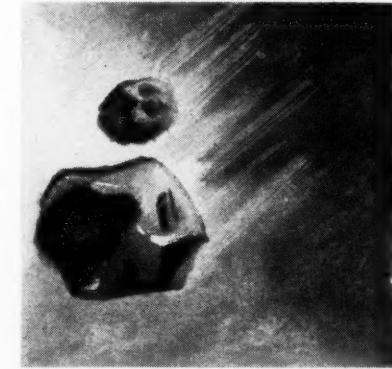
nected with noise. I know, Captain, you don't believe all this, but my father always told me to be truthful. . . ."

"A truthful gypsy?" Sgt Kelly shouted. "With a playful ghost that throws rocks at his first sergeant. . . ."

"Just a moment, Kelly," said Capt Bradshaw, "Let Corporal Pappavik finish."

"I guess that's all there is, Sir," said Pappavik. "It's just that he's here with me because there's more noise than when he was with my brother in the boiler factory. He's really a nice ghost, doesn't mean to be harmful, just loves noise and throws things at it. . . ."

"Captain," said Kelly, "I have heard snow jobs in my day, but I have never, never in my life heard anything like this." Kelly's voice rose to a hoarse shout. "Are you going to let this little corporal tell you he's got a ghost that can throw a rock as big as a grapefruit



fifty yards and. . . ."

MSgt Kelly almost lost an ear as the captain's ink-well whizzed past his left temple, leaving a gusher of black ink in its path to the opposite wall. Books from the captain's bookshelf littered the air above the three men as if the volumes had been caught up in a twister.

"Stop it!" shouted Cpl Pappavik. "You'll get me court-martialed. . . ."

"Who are you shouting at?" shouted the captain.

"David,—that's the name of my ghost. Stop it, David. Stop it. . . ."

But Cpl Rudy Pappavik's remonstrations were in vain. Kelly found himself flying through the flaps of the captain's bunker. He landed heavily on the gravel, picked himself up and re-entered the bunker.

"What happened, Sir?" he asked.

"I'm afraid we've just had a demonstration of the poltergeist's ability to throw things."

"Sir," said Sgt Kelly, "he's my enemy. He's out to kill me. How can I fight something I can't see?"

"Maybe he'll let you alone," said the captain drily, "if you can find someone who makes more noise than you do. . . ."

Corporal, you're dismissed. And take that . . . whatever-it-is with you."

"Yes, Sir," Cpl Pappavik did an about face and left the bunker. As he reached the doorway a clod of mud struck Kelly at the base of his skull and splattered his utilities and the captain's glasses.

"I think," said Capt Bradshaw as he wiped the lenses, "we have a problem which is not covered in any field manual. . . ."

* * *

For two days the outfit continued to dig itself in. MSgt Kelly was careful to keep his voice down and therefore did not get hit by flying objects. Although he had remained a good distance from Cpl Pappavik and his ghost, Kelly's inventive mind had been spinning like a lost hubcap on the Jersey Turnpike. The corporal was somewhat surprised when Kelly, wearing a helmet and the newly issued body armor, approached him and began a whispered conference.

"This polter-thing," Kelly said, "does it ever do what you want it to do? I mean, have you ever had any control over it?"

"Well, my brother could almost control it, especially at home when he wasn't working at the boiler factory. It behaved real well for him—of course, he kept it soothed by playing soft music on the violin. Out here. . . ."

"Sure," said Kelly, "out here, there are no violins."

"No violins," said Cpl Pappavik. "David might even leave me for someone who'd play a violin for him. . . ."

"What about a sweet bugle?" said Kelly. "Maybe we could get Schultz the bugler to. . . ."

"Oh, no," said Pappavik fearfully looking around. "You said a bad word. David hates bugles. Nothing makes him throw things harder and farther than the sound of a bugle."

"Oh, ho!" said Kelly. "What a secret weapon we have just discovered! Wait right here; I want to talk to the captain."

* * *

"Well," said Capt Bradshaw. "If it works we'd have those padded commies completely demoralized. But, how do we know this ghost won't throw them at us?"

"It's simple, Captain. We stash stacks of grenades in a well-defined perimeter. Sooner or later the Reds are going to come running with bugles blasting. . . ."

"And he'll throw them at the Reds?"

"And the Commies will be blasting back at a ghost."

"But Corporal Pappavik will have to be with him. . . ."

"We'll dig him in deep and camouflage. . . ."

"Sergeant," said Capt Bradshaw. "You know this is insane?"

"Maybe, but it's the best insane secret weapon I can think of at the moment. . . ."

* * *

The next evening, just before midnight, the attack came. The outfit was dug in. Waiting. Cpl Pappavik was also dug in about a hundred yards out in the center of a perimeter manned with nothing more than scattered piles of grenades. The Reds charged with their customary cacophony of yelling and bugle blowing. Although bunkers had been dug for Pappavik along the perimeter, the corporal couldn't have possibly kept up with his poltergeist. Hundreds of Reds fell or plunged on with gaping shrapnel holes from the grenades only to be cut down by the Marines. David made the rounds; when he ran out of grenades at one place he seemed to find a fresh supply without missing a throw. By sunrise all was quiet and David must have been a very tired ghost. Cpl Pappavik was dug out from under a pile of fifteen dead Commies.

"My poltergeist?" he asked. "Did he do all right?"

"Like a fleet of tanks," said Capt Bradshaw.

Several days went by while the men prepared for the big push to take the third hill—the last hill. Mail came and the men rested leisurely and read the news from home. But in Capt Bradshaw's bunker an unexpected order dismayed the CO. It read in part: ". . . am sending replacement for Cpl Rudolph Pappavik. He will be returned Stateside until proof of citizenship is established."

Before the outfit shoved off a six-by pulled into the area with twenty replacements. Among them was a ruddy Irishman, Sgt Brian O'Toole, Pappavik's replacement. Nineteen men and Pappavik were loaded on the truck

for return to a rear area. The driver stepped on the starter but nothing happened. Mechanics worked all day on the engine but to no avail. The truck would not start. At three o'clock in the morning, the whole camp was aroused by a racing truck engine. The truck had started itself in the night.

"Do you suppose. . . .?" Capt Bradshaw said to Sgt Kelly.

"Who knows?" answered the sergeant.

Again nineteen men and Pappavik climbed aboard the purring truck.

As they waved farewell, all six tires hissed themselves to a forlorn flatness.

"It's that damned poltergeist," said Capt Bradshaw.

Two mechanics started to jack up the rear of the truck, only to be pelted by a hail of rocks which seemed to come from the heavens. Capt Bradshaw called Pappavik down from the vehicle.

"Looks like your friend, David, doesn't want to leave," he said.

Suddenly from the distance came the familiar sound of yelling and bugles. At the first note Kelly went into action. He hollered for a jeep and in minutes it was loaded with grenades. "Take it out to the perimeter," he told Pappavik. "And leave it there. Come back as fast as you can."

The six tires, it was found, needed only air; there were no punctures. With the men aboard and Pappavik climbing up the tail steps, the truck took off. The yelling and the bugles became louder and the men hit their bunkers. When the noise reached a crescendo it was joined by a new sound—grenades going off like a machine gun.

O'Toole turned to Kelly and smiled a broad Irish grin. "He's done it again," he said with pride.

"Who?" said Kelly.

"My leprechaun," said O'Toole. "He loves to throw grenades—and he hates them damned Commie bugles. . . ."

END



Post of the Corps CONCORD

Once a small trans-shipment point, it is now the
West Coast's largest tidewater ammunition facility

BLACK BART, Spanish Dons and thousands of cattle roamed the plains on which the U.S. Naval Ammunition Depot, Concord, now stands. Not to be confused with the literary shrine in Massachusetts where Hawthorne, Thoreau, Emerson, the Alcotts and Channing wrote, Concord, the city of "dynamic opportunity," is the geographical center of Contra Costa County, California. It is located approximately 22 miles northeast of Oakland and 30 miles from San Francisco.

Concord, named by early settlers in protest to its early nickname, "Drunken Indian," was a typical western-style town. A "believe it or not" item in the history of the "good old days," is the fact that J. H. Bowles, later supposed to be "Black Bart," the notorious hold-up man, taught school in Concord for three years.

First settler was Don Salvio Pacheco. He stocked his 18,000-acre Spanish Crown land grant with 5000 head of cattle. Cattle soon gave way to the discovery of valuable lime quarries and coal. They, in turn, faded to make room for grain farms. Mt. Diablo was surrounded by wheat fields and from its top there was visible a sea of wheat such as few men have ever seen before, or since.

The Navy became interested in the Concord area as an explosive trans-shipment port as far back as 1927. It wasn't until November, 1942, however, that the necessary facilities were completed so operations could begin in the Tidal Area. In 1944, an Inland Area was purchased as a permanent Magazine Area for stowage of ammunition and high explosives. The docking site (Tidal Area) in Port Chicago and the Inland Area are today still connected by a thin strip of land flanking the town of Port Chicago.

Remembered is the gigantic explosion in July, 1944, in Port Chicago, when

the ammunition ships, *Quinalt* and *Bryan*, loaded with 280,000 tons of ammunition and high explosives, exploded, causing complete destruction of both ships, the pier, and all buildings and equipment on the pier. It halted shipment operations to the Pacific War Theater for 39 days. The explosion, which cost 320 lives, caused the cancellation of plans to construct 20 magazines in the Tidal Area.

Full operation of the Inland Area largely eliminated the storage and issue of all serviceable types of ammunition at other West Coast ports, including high explosives at the Naval Ammunition Depot, Mare Island. (Today,

Mare Island is an Annex of NAD, Concord.) The restrictions imposed on transporting high explosives through the Naval Yard and other points in the San Francisco area, resulted in Concord (then called Port Chicago) becoming the principal ammunition landing port and storage point for ammunition and high explosives on the Pacific Coast.

The Naval Ammunition Depot, Concord, was established December 23, 1957. Commissioned Naval Magazine, Port Chicago, in June, 1942, the activity was then a subordinate command of Naval Ammunition Depot, Mare Island.

With the establishment of the Inland Area, the Naval Magazine grew from 640 acres of mostly marshland to an area encompassing nearly 7000 acres. The peak period of personnel was reached in July, 1945, when the complement of officers was 241; Navy enlisted, 4442; Marines, 231; and civilians, 654.

NAD, Concord, has participated in two major military actions during its short history. Its personnel and operations have been flexible enough to implement a complete change of pace when called upon for emergencies. In a matter of 18 years, the Depot has grown from a small trans-shipment point to the largest tidewater ammunition facility on the Pacific Coast. Present commander is Navy Captain Frank I. Winant, Jr.

During the Korean Conflict, more than 75 percent of the ammunition used by the Army, Navy and Air Force in the Pacific Area was shipped across the piers at Port Chicago. The maximum tonnage handled for a given month was more than 50 percent greater than the World War II record.

Like NAD, Crane, and Bangor, Concord is still a little-known activity. First reaction to a set of orders to Concord is usually the comment, "Where in the world is that?" Of the 16 staff NCOs at Concord, not one is a volun-



LtCol Lawrence R. Cloern (left) and 1stSgt A. F. MacLean, Jr., checked the area just outside of the three-story barracks building

by MSgt Robert E. Johnson

Photos by

AGySgt Charles B. Tyler



Color guard (L-R) PFC Paul Phinisee, LCpl J. O'Bier and PFC Stewart Morrow raised the colors near the Administration Building



The Main Gate, located near the industrial area, was manned by Pvt Clifford Hammack (L) and PFC

Robert McCormack. It is one of several that are guarded by men of the Concord Marine Barracks

CONCORD (cont.)

Lean, Jr., sergeant major of the unit, "is the fact that four major highways and two railroads crisscross NAD at different locations. The guard is keenly aware of this and are on their toes at all times."

Men of the guard are changed on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Unlike most detachments, the guard change is made at noon. "This allows us administrative time that first afternoon, followed by a full day of uninterrupted training and schooling the following day," Capt Fuchs said. This

arrangement was found to be highly satisfactory, even among those standing the all-important, long watches.

Because all members of the guard operate in classified areas, each Marine has a secret clearance. All new members are carefully screened by LtCol Cloern, his guard officers and NCOs, and a National Agency check is requested on each individual. The daily guard requirement fields more than 75 men daily.

Civil Service employees, who number about 1100, pass before the Marine Guard daily at the Tidal and Inland Area gates. Approximately 1300 cars enter in a day and it's necessary to

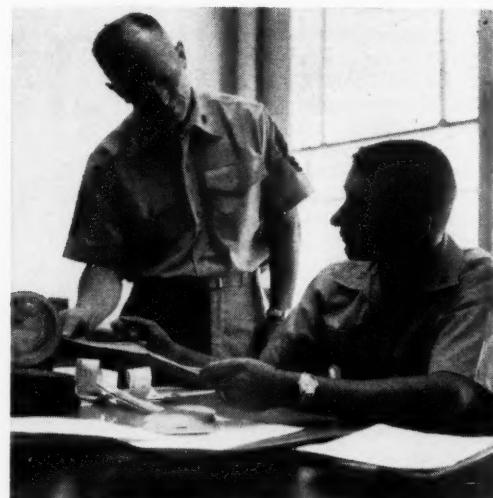
check all occupants for proper identification.

Besides the sentries on the gates, Marines man several fixed posts in exclusion areas. Some are in the form of lookout towers. These towers oversee the rolling hill areas, which, at first sight, resemble the hills of Camp Pendleton. When ammunition shipments are made, it's not uncommon for the Barracks to establish extra posts on or near the moving convenience, whether it be sea, rail or truck. Road guards are ever-present when shipments are made across nearby highways.

The motorized patrols travel over ground, dock and ammunition storage



The Barracks' CO, LtCol L. Cloern (right, at table), held a regular weekly meeting with the officers and staff NCOs



AMSGt John McDonald (L) and Capt Leonard E. Fuchs, scanned tachograph tapes from the previous day's patrolling



PFC Calvin D. Clark checked civil service workers through a gate. The bridge at left is part of a highway which passes through the depot

areas much on their own so that movements cannot be ascertained in advance. Besides being equipped with radio contact to the Corporal of the Guard Shack, each utilizes a "Tachograph" metering device which records the time and speed of the patrol truck throughout its watch. As evidence of still further safety precaution, the roving patrol sentries carry watchmen's clock keys. They check buildings, the dock, ammunition bunker areas and, in general, are responsible for their sectors.

Concord Marines guard the Navy's most important—and the West Coast's largest—Naval Ammunition Depot,

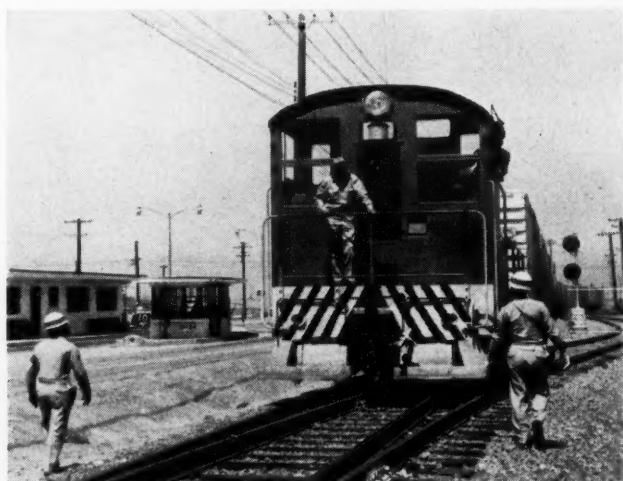
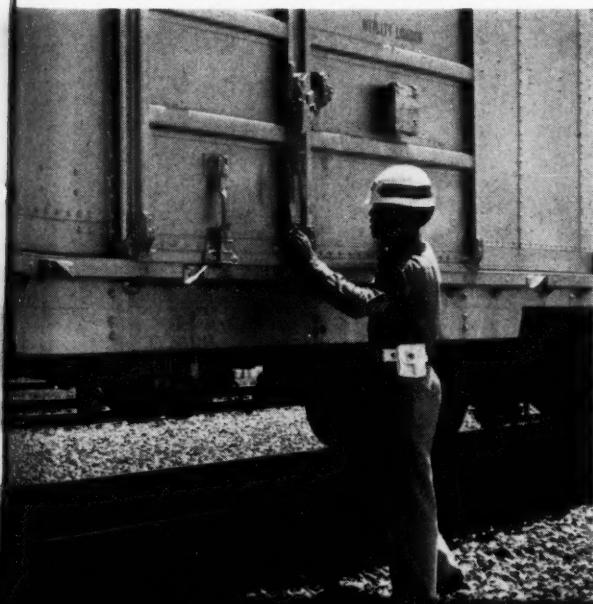
which receives, renovates, maintains, stores and issues ammunition and technical ordnance material. The newest part of the Depot's mission is the handling of advanced weapons, including missiles. Perhaps most important is unloading ammunition on ships. The Depot services not only the Pacific Fleet, but the Army, Air Force, Coast Guard and Marine Corps.

Korea, Formosa, Thailand, the Philippines, England and France are some of the Mutual Defense Assistance Program countries that receive ammunition from Concord. Ammunition is shipped from Concord's piers to the Naval Ordnance Facilities at Yokosuka

TURN PAGE



Using a watchman's time key, PFC Albert made his rounds in the Tidal Area dock facility



At left, PFC C. W. Whorley checked the door seals on an ammunition car before he and PFC L. A. Los escorted a train across the highway outside the gate

CONCORD (cont.)

and Sasebo. It is shipped to Army bases in Korea, Japan and Okinawa. During the Korean Conflict, NAD, Concord, shipped 1,632,000 tons of ammunition compared to 544,459 tons shipped by other Depots.

"Our greatest danger here," said Capt Livingstone, "is fire. We are in a grassy area which presents a continual hazard during hot-dry months. Leased land to local farmers and ranchers is one help through large areas of cultivated land. The most important fire security measure, however, is our No Smoking regulation. Smoking is permitted only in designated areas."

More than 4000 acres are leased to local farmers and ranchers. They in

turn maintain fire breaks, clear the land and thus relieve the Depot of these general maintenance costs. The land is leased at \$5 an acre.

"Each Marine has the secondary responsibility as an auxiliary fire fighter," AMSgt John L. McDonald, guard chief, said. "Once a month, all hands undergo schooling with the NAD firemen. This training includes the use of equipment, techniques in fighting fires and the all-important traffic control responsibility."

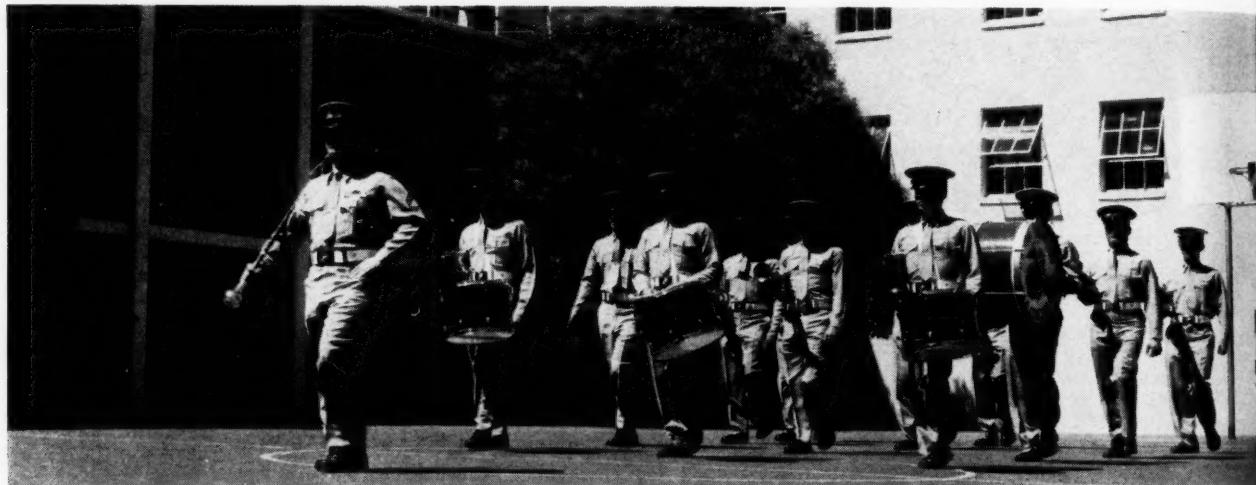
There are individual fire departments at both the Tidal and Inland Areas. They can reach any place on station in a matter of minutes.

Virtually all of the Marines' activities at Concord are centered in their three-story Barracks building. It is almost a self-contained unit. The

building contains classrooms, a gymnasium, press shop, mess hall, a TV lounge, bowling alleys, Marine Exchange, barber shop, supply and administrative offices, large squad bays and staff NCO quarters, and a visitors' lounge. Nearby is the Depot theater, a swimming pool and areas for tennis, archery, basketball, baseball, etc.

The EM Club, in the Barracks building, is the general meeting place for all hands. Those Marines assigned as life guards at the pool are all Red Cross-trained, and for TV connoisseurs, six channels are available. They include reception from the "land of the Giants" and Oakland. Both the Marine Exchange and Marine-run galley cater to about 200 patrons daily.

A running guard is scheduled only during holiday periods. Every Summer,



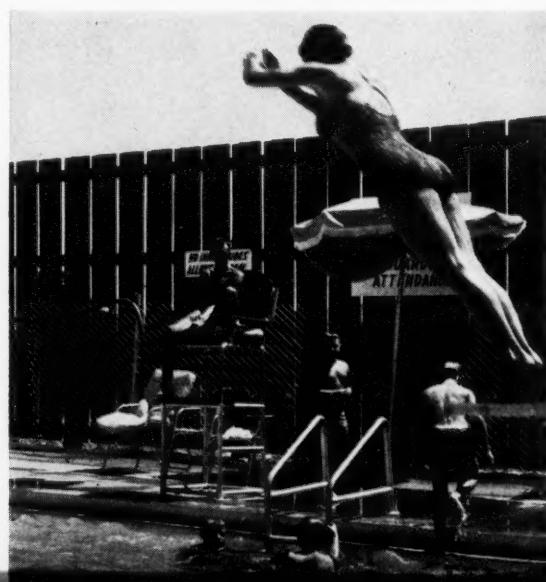
Pride of the Marine Barracks is their 13-man drum and bugle corps. It, and the Barracks drill

team, have received many calls to perform nearby. ASSgt John Monroe directed them through drill



Capt John A. Livingstone, 1st Platoon Guard Officer, doubles as coach of Barracks' six-man grid team

Probably the biggest off-duty recreation attraction is the swimming pool for military personnel and guests



the M-1 range at Mare Island is made available to Concord Marines. Pistol familiarization and record firing is accomplished at an on-station, eight-target range.

A new arrival can expect to snap in for two or three days before "going on his own." In recent months, a change has been noted in the type of replacements. In the past, a majority came directly out of ITR at Camp Pendleton. "Now," 1stSgt MacLean said, "most of our new men are reporting in from the returning Okinawan replacement battalions."

Both perimeter security and interior security are particularly important to the Depot because of the ammunition stored here. The fence enclosure is Marine patrolled and is also scanned by the tower lookout sentries. Kinne

Blvd., the main road, is six miles long, stretching from the main gate to Bailey Road gate.

To reach the Tidal Area, one must cross the highway which runs parallel to NAD on the northern boundary. A second Marine sentry guards the entrance to the docking facility (Tidal Area). Just inside the main gate (Inland Area) is the industrial area. Here are located machine shops, the motor pool, administration buildings, etc. Access to the industrial area is limited to "on business" visitors. Illegals found in outlying controlled areas are subject to apprehension and detention. They also run the risk of a shot across their bow.

All posts have radio and telephone contact back to Post One at the Corporal of the Guard shack. "He's the

busiest person on the guard," ASSgt George W. Matthews, 1st Guard Platoon NCO, said. "Every half hour, calls come in from all posts. It's his responsibility to pass on messages where directed, and log in all incoming and outgoing calls, whether over the telephone or radio."

The OOD is stood by the junior officers and staff NCOs (E6 and above). Their tour rolls around about once every 10 days. Sergeants of the Guard are usually E4s, while senior E2s and all E3s act as Corporals of the Guard. Capt Fuchs has the additional responsibility as brig officer. He's assisted by AMSgt McDonald, who divides his time between guard chief and brig warden.

As for the men of the guard, morale was found to be high. Granted, the week-in, week-out sentry duty is a trying vocation. Most, however, seemed to take it in stride, knowing full-well the vital responsibility placed on them. In response to our questions, the recreation program was praised. The surrounding liberty areas, from Concord to San Francisco, were considered excellent. Proof of the pudding was the fact that many were marrying local girls and planning to settle in the immediate area when released from service. It was referred to as "a happy hunting ground" by ASSgt Arthur E. Murray, Barracks gunnery sergeant.

Outside the main gate is the town of Port Chicago. The city of Concord is just down the road a piece. Surprisingly, the cities of Oakland and San Francisco are infrequent "liberty ports." The Concord Marines prefer the nearby communities of Concord, Martinez, Pacheco, Pleasant Hill, Walnut Creek, Clayton and Pittsburg.

In organized athletics, the Barracks fields softball, basketball, six-man football, bowling teams, etc., in Class "B" competition. With reference to athletic equipment, ASSgt Walter G. Ah Sing, supply NCO and President of the Rod and Gun Club, said: "We have just about every type of gear required for this area. It's here for the asking."

Added AMSgt Harold W. McEnespy, supply chief, "Nearby are outstanding recreation spots. There's the mountains, beaches, forests of Redwoods, excellent hunting and fishing. The individual who doesn't take advantage of these is simply 180 degrees out."

About a dozen golf courses are also near at hand for the "divot diggers." Proposed is an on-station golf course. Rumor had it that work will begin in the immediate future.

"We try to have every sport going," LtCol Cloern said. "The man who participates in some form of sports is usually the man who stays out of trouble. We en- (continued on page 73)

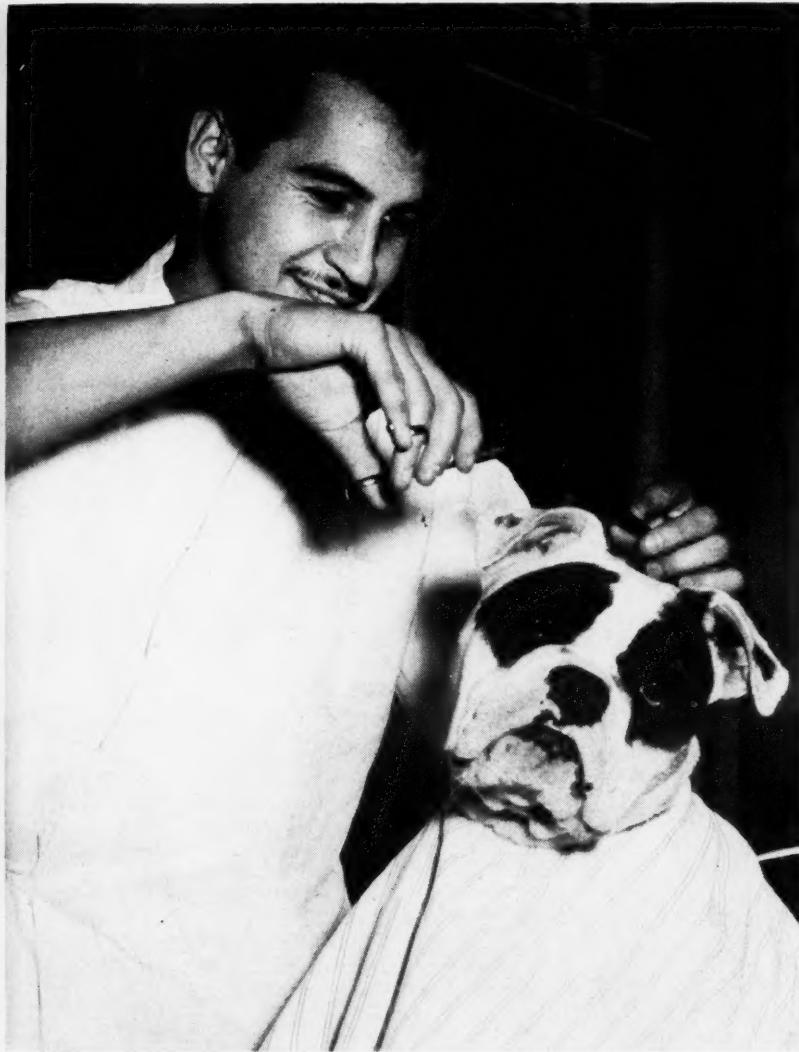


Photo by ASSgt Don Furgerson

The Barracks' mascot believes in being squared away like the troops. The barber, Cruz Ortiz, accommodated him by "trimming" his crew cut

by Cyril J. O'Brien

Photos by
SSgt Russell W. Savatt, Jr.

OPERATION WHIPSAW

**More than 2000 Marine Reservists participated
in the three-day maneuvers at Camp Lejeune**

NEVER before has our dependence upon the Reserve been so great and never before has our Reserve been more worthy of that dependence."

This Reserve power in which Commandant David M. Shoup placed his faith in his very first policy speech was never more clearly demonstrated in peacetime than at Camp Lejeune, N.C., this Summer.

In July, two thousand Reserve Marines of a dozen units from New York to Florida came to scrimmage in the loblolly pine belt across New River in an operation whose realism was short only of war itself.

"It was not a war game," said Reserve Colonel V. M. Davis, commanding officer of the operation, "but an exercise the Reservists could be called upon to execute as a reality tomorrow."

"Operation Whipsaw" envisioned a situation in which a foreign power, through subversion and arms, had nearly controlled a friendly southern neighbor. The Marine Regular divisions had been committed in an ominous world situation in Eurasia. When the neighbor asked for aid, the Reservists were called and assembled in one week, and were in action in the next. This was exactly the schedule

the East Coast Reservists followed at Camp Lejeune in a maneuver made realistic by beach-rending explosions, blank ammunition, tanks, night patrols, prisoners, enemy propaganda, canteen water and canned rations.

Here were units which had trained separately, often using roped-off areas in metropolitan parks for field problems. They had never been face to face until the week they assembled, yet in days their Reserve-trained talents were coordinated into a powerful striking force.

A professional in the business of readiness, Major General James P. Berkeley, Commanding General of the Second Marine Division, looked them over and was convinced these Reservists knew well what they were about.

"I'm assured that had this been an actual engagement, the results and the action would have been the same," he said.

PFC Tom Hudson, Detroit's 5th Infantry Battalion, the bulk of one of the landing teams, made clear what it meant "to a lot of guys."

"If I have to go into combat, I'll feel I have some idea now what it's all about. At least, now I won't be going in cold."

Two other infantry battalions were

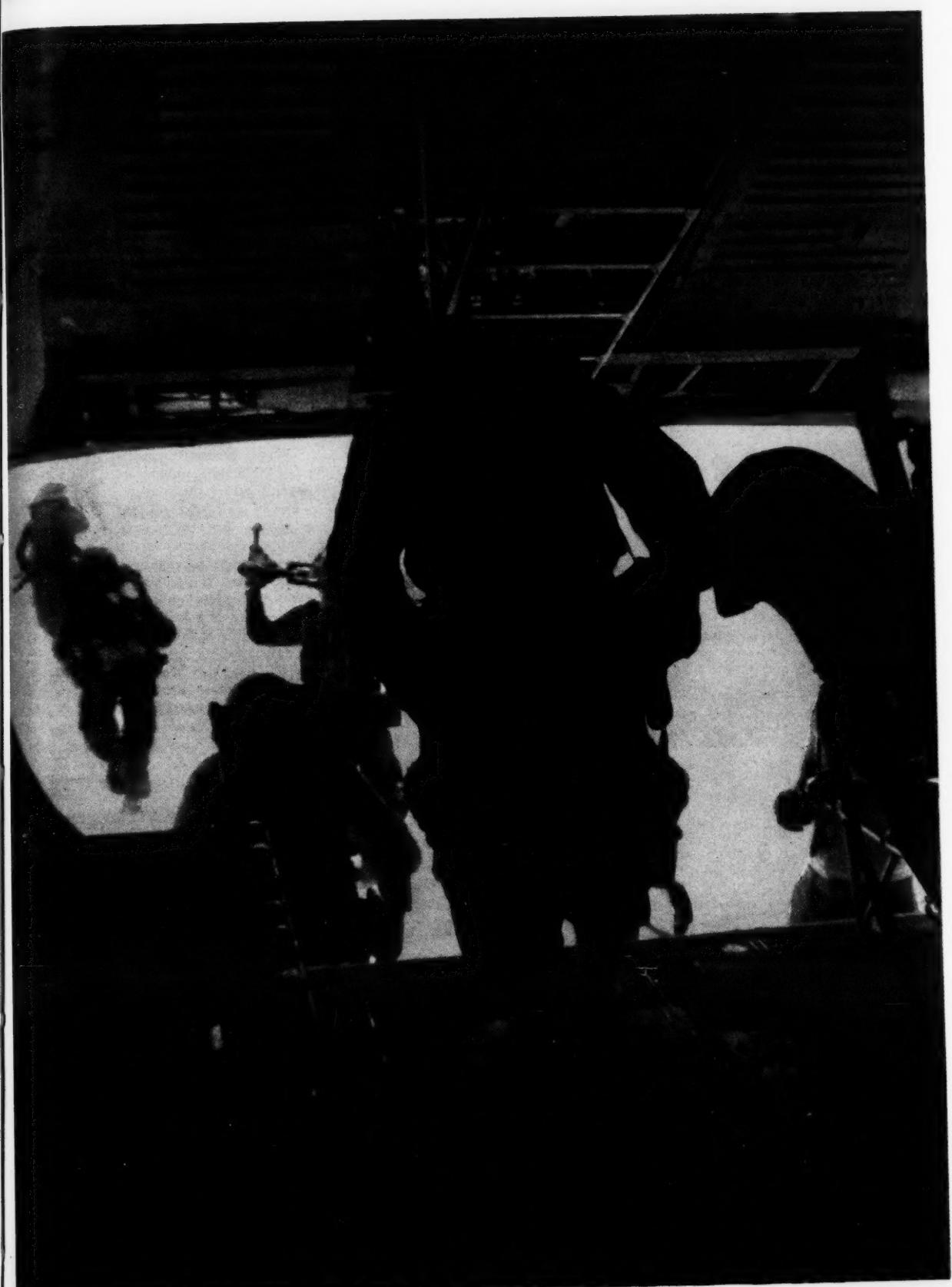
in the assault across ridges of tank traps, mine fields, through thick brush, ambush fire and under constant threat of atomic attack.

The 12th Infantry Battalion, of Pittsburgh, and the 71st Rifle Company, of Hamilton, Ohio, made up the second Battalion Landing Team (12th BLT) which assaulted across the pine woods on the right. Both landing teams were led by units of the 1st Reserve Tank Company of Tallahassee, Fla., a crack outfit which had most of the 61,000-acre Apalachola National Park as a training ground.

Providing support and impact to the two landing teams also were elements of the 1st 105-mm. Howitzer Battalion, of Richmond, Va., 2d Motor Transport Battalion, Port Newark, N.J., 3d Communications Company, Rochester, N.Y., 2d Communications Support Battalion, Chicago, 1st Amphibious Tractor Battalion, Tampa, Fla., and the 4th Engineer Company, South Charleston, W. Va. The operation was planned by members of the Fifth Staff Group of Washington, D.C.

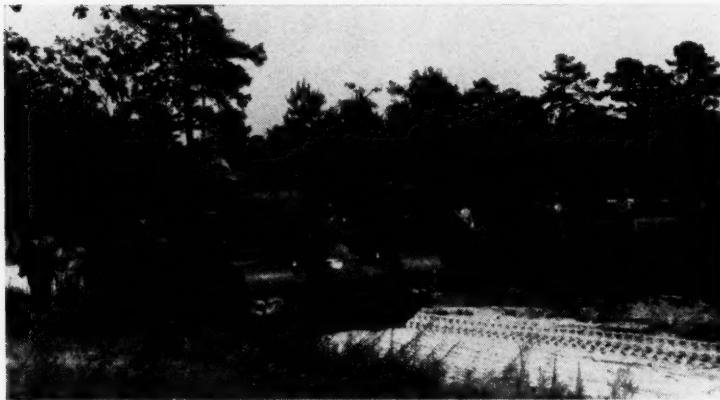
Ready over the shaggy pine tops to provide the close air support outlined in the Reserve combat catechism were the Reserve F9F Cougars, F2H2 Bans-

[Text continued on page 56]





Capt. J. Markle, Aggressor Chief, studied his troop situation with an aggressor umpire shortly after assault forces landed



Men and machines were constantly faced with grim threats of tank traps, mine fields, thick brush, ambush or atomic attack



No one had to keep on the heels of the Reservists during operation. Each man had been properly

WHIPSAW (cont.)

shees, and the AD propeller Skyraiders, work horses of Korea. They were manned by pilots of VMA 231, and Marine Air Reserve Group 13 of Grosse Ille, Mich., VMA 233, Norfolk, Va., VMA 236, Anacostia, Washington, D.C., VMA 341, Jacksonville, Fla., and Marine Air Reserve Group 20, Norfolk, Va., all supported by Marine Air Control Squadron 19, of Grosse Ille.

Battalion Landing Team Five on the left with the Detroit Reservists, under Lieutenant Colonel Russell Paquette, Veterans Administration attorney, was an instrument of a spanking-new doctrine in fast, amphibious combat. It struck from the line of departure at 1300, 25 July, buttoned up in the Corps' newest armored, mechanized LVTP-5 personnel carrier. The troops were out continually to open road blocks and to clean up defending infantry, but the mechanized column rolled persistently to the New River beach. Here the men were bundled into helicopters for a new doctrine of assault, vertical envelopment, in which they were dropped to smother an enemy after a five-mile, over-water trip to the final objective area.

PFC Edgar McClure, of Williamsburg, Mich., was not new to impressive maneuvers for the Fifth had held them on Belle Isle in the Detroit River. Here in Whipsaw, the wide variety, speed

trained, and knew that in actual engagement, his life would rest on how well he used his knowledge

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and coordination of the new vehicles of assault had him "snowed" and he stayed impressed until he cranked off his last round. "It's never been just like this before, moving over land and then water all in one attack. . . ."

Seven miles to the right, the 12th Battalion Landing Team of Lieutenant Colonel Luther Reedy, Pittsburgh newspaperman, had also moved out at 1300. The men of the Pittsburgh and Hamilton Reserves had made a coordinated attack by armored mechanized LVTP-5 and by helicopter, both striking at the same objective simultaneously. When they had mopped up the enemy on the near side of New River, LtCol Reedy then put them into the LVTPs and all went scurrying seven miles up and across New River for a beach landing in the final objective zone.

One Alleghany County (Pa.) lance corporal was not ready to extol the comforts of a long LVT ride over water, but he was thankful for the new mechanized approach to a beach landing.

"Sure beats walking—over barbed wire," he grinned from a roadside rifle pit, where the 12th had secured a new jump-off area.

Three days of it had meant two nights under combat survival conditions, with probing night patrols, chiggers, rations from a pack, mosquitoes, and the coaxing of an enemy sound truck which hammered at the "folly" of their camping trip.

TURN PAGE



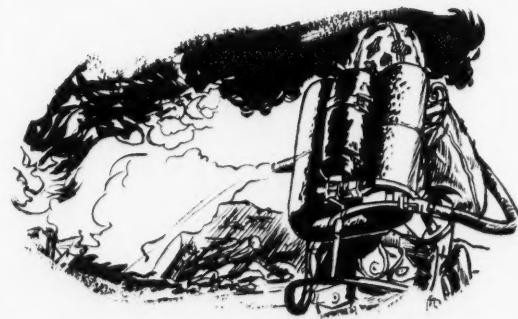
Heli-lifted assault forces were met by enemy machine gun nests



LVTP-5s, the Corps' newest armored, mechanized personnel carriers, were used to transport assault troops to the beach



Ass't Secretary of the Navy, Richard Jackson, and two aggressors were on hand to observe the beach landings



WHIPSAW (cont.)



Assault force's small arms fire had little effect on the large gunboat which shelled vehicles passing near the water's edge



Cannoneers of the 1st 105-mm. Howitzer Battalion, Richmond, Va., delivered necessary softening-up fire prior to the assault



Aggressors were compelled to fall back under the cover of smoke as troops of both the 12th Infantry

Bn. and the 71st Rifle Co. advanced toward their assigned objectives during the three-day operations

But all of it would have been much easier without the 68th Rifle Company of Camden, N.J. Nondescript, guerrilla types, in purple caps and turbans of wrapped bandoleers, they seemed to have found every dead tree or abandoned telephone pole in the pine strip, then dragged them all to bar every trail and road. In only a week of preparation, they had gouged great holes in approaches with bulldozers, and when the tanks and LVTs rolled along, the Aggressors poured rifle, machine gun and mortar fire at them. The Camden Marines didn't try to hold, only delay and disrupt, then climb into their tanks and trucks and run off to another tank trap and another ambush.

Cpl James A. McKeon, of Woodbury, N.J., who led a fire team in the hit-and-run combat, found the pace of the enemy just a bit more hectic than the routine he had known always as the attacker.

"It was a special kind of training, or experience," he said. "It was tough sometimes, and you got tired, but it all got pretty exciting; this hitting, holding and running away."

PFC John R. Lewis, of Camden, a machine gunner, said he certainly knew what it was now to try to main-

tain fire of 100 a jawed Philadel

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tain fire superiority when you are one of 100 and you face 1500 of the enemy.

The Aggressor chief was lean, square-jawed Captain John Markle, Jr., a Philadelphia attorney, who had engendered a unique branch of esprit de corps. It seemed to make lighter the 20-foot telegraph poles, and added to their skills of hijacking "enemy" gasoline trucks, and surprising Marine command posts.

"They were eager," he said, "and they learned many things they'd never have known on the winning side."

Still, it was not all a Reserve show, for with each unit of Reserve infantry tanks and planes, there were elements of Regular Camp Lejeune and nearby contingents as guardian angels. Assisting were the Eighth Marines, Tenth Marines, Force Troops, Division Communications Company, Marine Corps Engineering Section, MCSS, and the Reserve Liaison Unit, air support, helicopter and Pathfinder units.

The New Jersey "enemy" had a special host in a Regular Second Provisional Marine Aggressor Company, Force Troops, Camp Lejeune. The trained aggressor company worked, side by side, with the Camden Marines, and host c/o First Lieutenant Anthony Russo, who happens to come from Trenton, N.J., did nothing to soften the touch of Capt Markle's insurgents, but added a few disruptive attractions of his own.

END



Reservists were quick to learn that once they had fired their mission they had to hastily evacuate their old position and look for a new one



The Marine Reservists got the feel of an air lift when they boarded helicopters and were transported from a staging to an assault area



During a lull in the evening's activities, a young Reservist gave a short demonstration of what

not to do. He stood, silhouetted, in the sights of a sniper's rifle. He was declared a casualty



IF I WERE COMMANDANT

Checks for \$25.00 have been mailed to the writers of the letters which appear on these pages. Leatherneck will continue to print—and pay for—ideas expressed by readers who have sincere constructive suggestions for a better Corps. If you were Commandant, what would you do? Your answer may bring you a check. Write your suggestions in the form of a double-spaced typewritten letter of not more than 300 words, and mail to Leatherneck, P. O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. Be sure to include your name, rank, and service number. Letters cannot be acknowledged or returned.

By order of the Commandant of the Marine Corps, all the letters on these pages will be screened by the Policy Analysis Division, and staff action will be initiated on those of possible merit.

In cases where ideas or material have obvious merit and reflect real effort, the cognizant agency will prepare an appropriate personal letter to the contributor or correspondent.

pleted a satisfactory year in physical conditioning. This would insure a continuing physical readiness program for our Marines rather than the current annual spurt that can sometimes prove injurious to individuals whose physical activities were not of a continuous nature.

The requirement of 104 hours of physical conditioning for a satisfactory year would also insure that physical conditioning would be accomplished by those who might have been negligent because of prolonged leave or extensive delay during periods of transfer.

MSgt Jacques Bunker
314478

factual information which bears on the situation involved, and to help him reach an intelligent decision on pursuing a career in the Marine Corps or enter a civilian occupation.

When a interviewee is shown the difficulties that lie in the transition to civilian jobs because of educational requirements, apprenticeship periods, and employment vacancies as compared to the benefits and privileges of a Marine Corps career, doubts will immediately arise in his self-analysis of the "greener grass on the other side of the field."

The reenlistment interview is taken for granted and has become a mere administrative formality throughout the Marine Corps. More emphasis should be placed on counseling the individual on his benefits and choice of a future career, whether it be civilian or Marine. By retaining the good-will of personnel not reenlisting, we have created potential recruiters of these men who will in turn spread the gospel on the outside.

The term "career appraisal" will in all respects put the interviewee at ease and thereby enable the interviewer to conduct a successful appraisal of the individual's qualifications for a future career.

It is further recommended that individuals be required to attend a Career Appraisal School prior to being designated as Career Appraisal NCOs, whether on a full-time or additional duty basis.

AMSGt Walter Zubriski
588873

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would re-evaluate the current physical fitness program to the extent of eliminating the annual requirement of meeting certain physical criteria. I would, instead, institute the mandatory participation of all required personnel in organized physical conditioning for a minimum of two hours per week—these periods of physical conditioning to be kept on record by the training officer. Upon completion of 104 hours of such training—an entry will be made in the OQJ or SRB, as appropriate, that the individual has com-

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would take immediate steps to redesignate Reenlistment Officers and Reenlistment NCOs as Career Appraisal Officers and Career Appraisal NCOs respectively.

The term "reenlistment" creates an immediate mental block in the minds of potential career Marines when they are notified of their pending reenlistment interview by the Reenlistment NCO. Many hours must then be expended to overcome this mental obstacle and aid the individual to develop his insight and to study himself objectively, by supplying him with

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would have the Director of Personnel incorporate into Chapter 9, (PRAM

NOTICES), Personnel Records and Accounting Manual, an alphabetical listing of all codes used at Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, for correspondence and material forwarded there. It would serve as a guide, also correct mis-sent mail being sent to Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps. True, many of the codes can be found in the present chapters of the PRAM, but a consolidated listing could and would enable a more proficient and time-saving method.

ASgt John S. Kocielek
1553108

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would effect specific instructions concerning the assignments of primary Military Occupational Specialties (MOSs), therefore, having all organizations use the same system for such assignments.

The procedure presently being utilized by most organizations is to assign a primary MOS at the end of six months on-the-job training or upon promotion to pay grade E-2. Few personnel assigned a primary MOS under this system are able to meet all the requirements for their MOSs in accordance with the MOS Manual.

For example: A Private (E-1) is assigned a basic MOS of 0100 (Basic Personnel and Administration Man) upon completion of recruit training. At his first duty station, he is assigned to the G-2 Section of Division Headquarters. His duties are correspondence and file clerk. He works at that job in an on-the-job training assignment until he is promoted to E-2, at which time he is assigned a primary MOS 0141 (Administrative Man).

This Marine works at the same type jobs until he is promoted to E-4 and must take a Technical Test for promotion to E-5. He is asked questions on the Technical Test concerning service records, personnel accounting, pay and allowances, government insurance, medical care and many other phases of administration which will be new and confusing, simply because he has had no training or practical experience in these particular phases of administration. This could cause the Marine to fail his test, resulting in his not being promoted, thus harming or slowing down his career.

Another problem would become evident if this same Marine were transferred from a division or bat-

talion echelon to a company or battery echelon. Here he would be assigned a job which he would have to learn as he goes, and being an NCO, probably supervise subordinate personnel in a job that he doesn't know himself. This would slow down the output of work in that unit's administration, resulting in lower proficiency ratings at the end of the semi-annual marking period. All this because the man had not been properly trained in his MOS. This example could be applied to a majority of the MOSs in the MOS Manual.

My solution to this problem would be to publish instructions requiring all commands to use the following procedures for ensuring a general knowledge by all personnel in their respective MOSs:

1. All personnel working at on-the-job training would be given a minimum of three hours instruction in their respective MOSs each week for two months. This instruction would be given by a qualified NCO who is proficient in that MOS, and instruction would cover all areas of that particular MOS.

2. At the end of two months instruction, personnel would be administered a test covering all the requirements for that MOS as set forth by the MOS Manual. Personnel who passed this test would be assigned a primary MOS and those who failed the test would be given one month's additional instruction, at which time they would be retested.

A system such as this, I believe, would increase the proficiency of all personnel in all occupational fields and would make for higher efficiency at all levels of command in the Marine Corps.

Cpl Lowell T. Parker
1640205



Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would revise enlisted Women Marine recruiting in the following phases:

Age requirements be set from 21 to 28 years of age.

The Armed Forces Women's Selec-

tion Test (AFWST) be administered in *all* cases by a Women Marine and forwarded to the respective District Headquarters for grading, along with a completed file of all required forms (including photos) processed before enlistment. Keeping the now present score that must be attained to successfully pass the AFWST. The case to be processed by the senior Woman officer at District Headquarters, notifying the applicant by letter of her acceptance/rejection and what recruit training class she would be attending. The officer program now has a similar system . . .

All Women Marines on recruiting be issued at least one set of the dress white uniform. The dress white uniform draws more attention than any of the present WM uniforms.

Encourage all WMs to wear suitable bows on the military pump to feminize and dress up all our present uniforms.

SSgt Patricia M. Logan
W703220

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would replace the current page three of the enlisted Service Record Book when a Marine is promoted to the rank of staff sergeant, with a Chronological Record of Duties page, similar to page two of the Officers Qualification Record. This record would become a permanent part of the Service Record Book and would be transferred to the new Service Record upon reenlistment. Such a history of the duties and experiences of a Marine from the time he attains the rank of staff sergeant, would be of great value to commanding officers when considering Staff NCOs for assignments to primary and additional duties. The present page three is transferred to Headquarters Marine Corps with the old Service Record upon each reenlistment, thereby losing to future commanding officers a valuable reference, history of duties performed, and capabilities of a staff noncommissioned officer.

If the insertion of a new page three to the Service Record is not possible, I would modify the present page three to include additional duties, and direct that it be transferred to the new Service Record upon reenlistment of a staff noncommissioned officer.

SSgt Raymond R. Dool
669574

We-the Marines

Present-day POWs

FMFPac Marines have been taken "POW" at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii.

The prison compound is an Army school established to acquaint Soldiers and Marines with the rigors of an actual POW camp. What the student-prisoners see is:

The "Commandant" welcoming them to the camp.

Students thrown into solitary for laughing at the speech.

Instructors "racked up" on a pole, with vegetable-coloring slashes across their bodies, looking as if they've been beaten.

A rigged "spy trial" followed by a skit which uses the principles of "brain-wash" questioning.

Two compounds of instructor-prisoners, one showing what happens when lethargy and "give-up-itis" set in and the other depicting a group knit together to combat prison officials.

Demonstrations on how to escape and evade.

Although the Marines are taken "prisoner" for only a day, it's a day they'll remember if they're ever in combat.

GySgt Dick Nicklin
ISO
FMFPac

Edited by
AGySgt Mel Jones

Hobby Becomes Training

Just as a sort of hobby, AGySgt Robert Glossup has been introducing "Communist soldiers" to the Marines of the Third Division.

The "soldiers" aren't on loan from Russia or China. They're actually other Marines dressed in replica uniforms.

Using materials either made by himself or borrowed, Glossup worked out a three-phase presentation about the Communist military set-up, with emphasis on the Asiatic Red soldier.

Phase One outlines the background and characteristics of the "Iron



"Captured" Marines from Camp H. M. Smith, in Hawaii, were herded behind barbed wire during a

Code of Conduct familiarization course. Students learn how to conduct themselves in event of capture

Official USMC Photo



Official USMC Photo

Marines from Moffett Field, Calif., and the USS Midway, escorted Suzanne Reamo after she was

selected as this year's Miss California. San Jose recruiters coordinated the escorts for the pageant

Curtain" soldier in comparison with U. S. fighting men.

Phase Two spotlights some 20 pieces of captured equipment used by North Korean and Red Chinese armies. This includes weapons and uniforms.

Phase Three is indoctrination in booby-trap and improvised mine warfare, with demonstrations.

The course originated as a hobby with AGySgt Glossup, then mushroomed until, now, it has become a "must" on Third Division training schedules.

ASgt Al Wohlers
ISO
3d Mar Div

It's "Kunnel, Suh!"

If the governor of Kentucky ever decides to mobilize his staff, Louisville's recruiting station may be faced with a personnel shortage. Four of the Marines are Kentucky Colonels on the governor's staff.

The four—and their lower-calibered but higher-paying ranks—are Captain Billie Windsor, MSgts Ward Foster and John Strange and SSgt Francis McCloskey.

SSgt Ted Scott
RS, Louisville

Playground for Futema

Marines and Sailors of MAG-16, Navy Construction Bn.-3 and MCAF, Futema, are devoting their play-time to a playground.

Approximately 20 men have spent the Summer helping the Ginowan-Son School (on Okinawa) authorities build a playground which has been the students' goal for the past seven years. Until the Marines and Sailors volunteered, there just wasn't enough money to pay for the construction.

The military "laborers" work whenever they have an afternoon, evening or week end off.

ISO
MAG-16

Variety is the Spice . . .

A former Air Force photographer-turned-Army mule-skinner is now a Navy chaplain with the Marines.

Lieutenant Robert Brown, chaplain for the 1st Bn., Sixth Marines, at Camp Lejeune, began his military career as a flying photographer in the Air Force. After that tour, the lieutenant attended college, then was commissioned in the Army.

Lt Brown was in charge of the Army's last pack mule platoon a few

years ago when the unit was told to establish a forward base during a field exercise. It took the platoon three months to accomplish its mission. Reason: Snowstorms deep in the mountains raised drifts belly-high on the mules, forcing the platoon to encamp for the Winter.

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

AMSGT J. Kiraly fired, but got baffling results from the bullet

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

It was then the soldiers tried an experiment which, according to the chaplain, was "a total failure." They tried to move the snow-bogged mules by attaching snowshoes to their hooves.

Brown later accepted an Army release and enrolled in a seminary. Still later, he accepted an appointment in the Navy's Chaplain Corps and finally rounded out his all-service association with his Second Division billet.

ASSgt Al Braley
ISO
2d Mar Div

Double-edged Heroics

A Quantico sergeant was decorated for saving the lives of three civilians while, on the West Coast, four California civilians were lauded for rescuing a Marine pilot.

At Quantico, AMSgt George McGarry got the Navy-Marine Corps Medal for his actions during an automobile crack-up. McGarry was on his way home when the car ahead of him crashed headlong into another. Although, today, he only "vaguely" recalls what happened next, the sergeant

pulled the unconscious driver from one of the cars, then pried his way into the wreckage of the second auto to pull two seriously injured girls to safety. Both cars were on fire at the time.

At El Toro, four Elsinore, Calif., men were cited for rescuing a Marine pilot after his plane crashed and burned.

First to arrive on the crash scene, the men (Orville Grow, Don Downes, John Cacia and Guy Hokit) pulled away crushed portions of the fuselage with their bare hands, hacked through the safety belt with a pocket knife and carried the unconscious pilot to safety.

A tour of El Toro, luncheon and letters of appreciation were given the rescuers.

AGySgt R. E. Arnold
ISO
MCS, Quantico
ISO
MCAS, El Toro

Teufel-Hundens

Four West German-born youths have graduated from Parris Island's recruit command this past Summer, three of them with distinction.

PFC Peter Kriz, from Detendorf, West Germany, was the first "teufel-hunden" to graduate this Summer. He

was awarded the American Spirit Honor Medal for his high standings in recruit training.

In July, PFCs Walter Meyer and Klaus and Walter Berger (brothers) also finished boot camp.

Meyer, whose parents have moved from Glashuetten to Philadelphia, earned the Leatherneck Association Dress Blues award for his initiative at Parris Island.

Walter Berger was another who won the American Spirit Honor Medal. He and his brother, Klaus, enlisted just a few months after arriving in the States from their home town, Nuremberg.

ASgt Tom Kraak
Cpl Frank Evans
ISO
MCRDep, Parris Island

Unique Road-E-O

The 2d Bn., Second Marines, has a "gasser" of a program to prevent "gas mania."

To start with, everyone—from the battalion CO down—has his privately owned car safety-checked once a month. The inspection is held by a team of motor transport personnel who look for defects which could cause accidents. Automobiles not passing the



Official USMC Photo

Sherry Ward (C) shared runner-up awards with Japanese lovelies in an Iwakuni contest

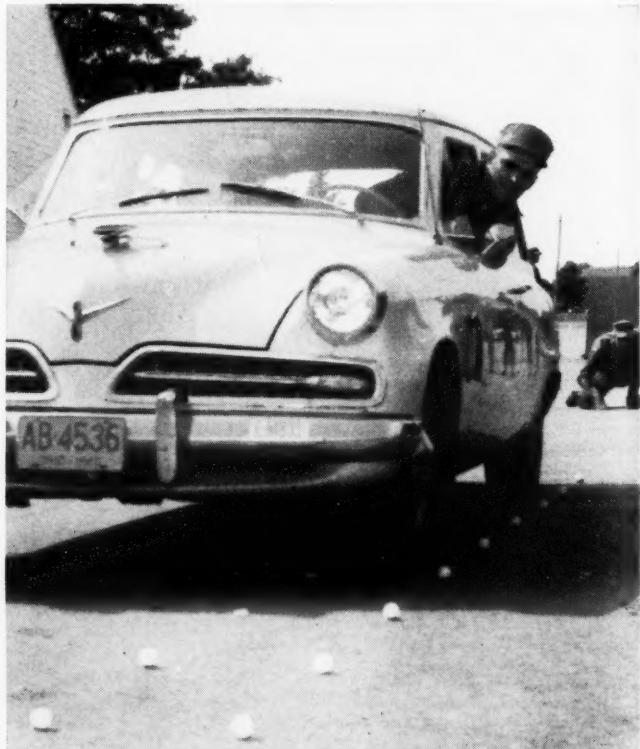


Photo by GySgt G. E. Cushman

Sgt D. R. Cook maneuvered his car between rows of ping-pong balls during a Second Marines road-e-o

examination are "deadlined" until reports are made.

Then, because cars are only as good as their drivers, battalion Road-E-Os are occasionally held. Driving their own vehicles, the Marines maneuver through parking, backing, straight-line driving and braking tests. High man on the scoreboard is awarded a 96-hour pass, with the runner-up being given a 71-hour liberty chit.

GySgt G. E. Cushman
ISO
2d Mar Div

New WO School

Sixty-five new warrant officers will attend the Corps' only Aviation Supply School during this fiscal year.

The course was recently inaugurated at Montford Point, Camp Lejeune, to train new WOs who have been assigned aviation supply and material MOSs.

Classes last two and a half weeks.
ISO
MCB, Camp Lejeune

Aquatic Hawaiians

Hawaiian-based Marines have won their fourth team championship in five years in the all-Marine swimming and diving championship meet.

Held at MCSC, Albany, Ga., this year, the aquatic contest pooled teams from throughout the Corps. MAG-26 (New River, N.C.) placed second and Camp Pendleton finished third. Pendleton is the only other team to win during the five years of championships have been held.

Sgt Bill Boyd
TIO
MCSC, Albany

Yipes!

Skin-divers from Kaneohe Bay's Aku Marines club swear it happened.

Sgt F. D. Bennett and LCpl J. D. Douglas donned face masks and dove into the bay to make qualification dives.

From the surface, Douglas spotted a shark about 10 feet below him. Keeping his eyes on the killer, he reached over and tapped fellow-diver Bennett, to warn him of the danger below.

Bennett didn't respond. Douglas tapped harder. Still no response. Douglas chanced a quick glance in Bennett's direction. Bennett wasn't there.

But a 5 1/2-foot tiger shark was . . . and Bennett had been playing tag with it!

GySgt Jack Sheehan
ISO
MCAS, Kaneohe Bay
END

JUNE CRAZY CAPTION WINNER

Submitted by
Cpl Augie Wolff
M.P. Co., HqBn.,
1st MarDiv., FMF,
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

"Just press the trousers, Joe.
Just the trousers!"



Here's another chance for readers to dream up their own Crazy Captions. *Leatherneck* will pay \$25 for the craziest caption received before December 1. It's easy. Think up a crazy caption for the cartoon below, print it on the line under the cartoon and fill in your name and complete address. Tear out the cartoon and coupon and mail to *Leatherneck Magazine*, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D.C.

The winning caption will be published in the January, 1961 issue.



NAME

ADDRESS IN FULL



EL TORO FISH-OFF

More than 100 fishermen from 22 Armed Services Commands competed as teams for the "Fishing Masters" honors

by MSgt Robert E. Johnson

Photos by

AGySgt Charles B. Tyler

MADNESS OF THE California gold rush days possessed southland anglers last July as Davey's Locker sports fishing boats headed for the open sea beyond Newport Beach. This day, which saw fishermen from 22 military commands competing for top honors, was the brainchild of the Angler's Club at MCAS, El Toro.

"This is our third fish-off," said Major Frank H. Brinkman, Angler's Club President. "In 1958, only three commands accepted our challenge. El Toro was the victor. The following year, Camp Pendleton won in competition against seven teams."

Called the Third Annual Invitational Albacore Tournament, 118 fishermen from 22 commands pitted their skill and "fisherman's luck" aboard the *Rena*, *Channel Clipper*, *May-Be*, *Bess-Too*, *Southern Comfort* and *We-Seven*. No two members of a four-man team fished

from the same boat. The odds favored El Toro. It entered seven teams.

Invitations were mailed to 100 military installations throughout Southwest United States and Hawaii. First letters were mailed in February. They were followed up by reminders in April and June.

"Lieutenant Colonel B. J. Kozak, Tournament Chairman, who has since been transferred to the East Coast, was largely instrumental in the success of this year's fish-off," Maj Brinkman said. "With each passing year, our program, which reaffirms recreational fishing as a recognized sports activity of the Armed Services on an individual and team basis, increases in interest. Next year, it is our hope to field 35 teams. The tournament will again be held on the last Friday of July."

"It was Captain Raymond E. Bramel, Chairman of the Tournament and Rules Committee, who took over in the

footsteps of Col Kozak," the major went on to say. "An able assist was also given by ACpl Virginia R. Cruse, Angler's Club Secretary."

Brigadier General Samuel R. Shaw, Commanding General, LFTU, Pacific, was the senior officer to take part in the tournament. He accompanied the two San Diego fishing teams and participated as an alternate. He was described by GySgt Thomas W. Hall, President of the MCRDep, San Diego Rod and Gun Club as "one damn fine fisherman."

The youngest representative was PFC Jerry B. Baker, a Camp Pendleton radio operator. He placed second in the individual point scoring against the 118 fishermen—all his senior in rank and experience. Gen Shaw bagged a respectable 32-point total.

On the day prior to boarding, all anglers met at the El Toro Staff NCO Club to swap "fish tales." Following a banquet, drawings were made for boat assignments. Rules were again explained and boat judges introduced. The judges, all El Toro Angler's Club members and top fishermen in their own right, included CWO Aggie Mills, MSgt Jim Chipps, AMSgt Al Newberry, HMC "Doc" Bordner and ASSgt Ken Smith.

"Never in my military career have I been granted so much power," CWO Mills said as he scanned the 200-word instruction sheet. It clearly stated that all decisions of the boat judges would be final.

Conversations at the banquet ranged from salmon fishing in Alaska to the snagging of hula-skirted mermaids in Hawaii. One skeptical fisherman whispered, "Someone with a bag full of rinky-dinks will probably win the tournament." He based his statement on the fact that the albacore were reported sunning themselves in waters far out of reach of chartered boats. The rumor was found later to be correct, but reports of large schools of yellowtail, bonita and barracuda kept the fire burning.

The six fishing boats nosed toward nearby bait tanks at 0200. Nobody slept that night and, in the case of a dozen or more anglers, it was the second night without sleep. They had arrived several days early to do what comes naturally—fish. As reconnaissance spies, they took mental notes on tackle used, methods of fishing (surface, bottom, gig or anchovie). They were up against the best that the Marine Corps, Navy and Air Force could field and they wanted to throw the balance in their favor.

As the boats left Newport Harbor, the stillness of the channel run was interrupted by a rough sea. It concerned all, knowing that bothersome



Catalina Island was the starting point for all of the competing teams. Within minutes after their boats

were in position—even before the sun came up—the anxious fishermen had their hooks over the side

seasickness could result in an empty pike. Rounding the distant buoys, the *Rena* headed for Catalina Island, while the other five vessels nosed south to the area of "The Barn"—Camp Pendleton waters.

Through the night, the boats droned on. Gear was assembled and reassembled. Most weathered the rough water in true sailor fashion. Each boat arrived at its destination before sunup. Fishing grounds were picked by the individual chartered boat skippers.

Minutes before sunrise, anglers swished in their first anchovie. First "hook-up" was sounded by SgtMaj Frederick C. Dunow of MAG-36, El Toro. It turned out to be a slightly infuriated bonita. Soon, all 25 fishermen on the *Rena* were horsing in bonita or cursing the one that got away. It was soon realized that the *Rena* was anchored over an acre or two of bonita. In many cases, the bait was hit the second it struck the water.

"I wish they wouldn't strike so far out," said SgtMaj Kenneth Q. Stoops, of H&HS-3, El Toro. "It just takes too long to reel them in."

Tangled lines were a common occurrence during the first hour of fishing. Hooked bonita darted in all directions. The chumming never ceased and the school was kept close to the boat. Everyone got his limit of 10 before the galley girl had a chance to prepare her second pot of coffee.

Knowing that yellowtail, log barracuda or sea bass would turn the scales in favor of a winning team or individual, Skipper Ed Wilson hauled anchor and headed for other waters. There, the fishermen again encountered bonita, but several barracuda, bass and mackerel were snagged.

What excited the fishermen were sighted schools of yellowtail. They lumbered around the surface, but paid little or no attention to gigs or baited lines. It was one of those days.

Thoughts drifted to the other five boats fishing off Camp Pendleton waters. Were they having the same luck? Radio contact told us that the yellows had hit early in the morning, but only a few had been caught.

Lifting anchor a second time, deck handler Bob Low hauled aboard the *Rena*'s first yellowtail. Someone, while battling a hook-up, had lost line, hook and fish to the anchor rope. It was admired by all and claimed by a few.

Third stop found most anglers reaching for the bottom with hook and bait. "If you can't catch the big ones on the top, go below," said AMSgt Frank B. Bergman, of El Toro's Special Weapons Training Unit.

Still no yellowtail, until AGySgt Thomas J. Stevenson's (7th Communications Battalion, Camp Pendleton) reel began playing out line at the fastest pace any had seen thus far. There was no mistaking the powerful initial run of the yellow. A second hook-up

FISH-OFF (cont.)

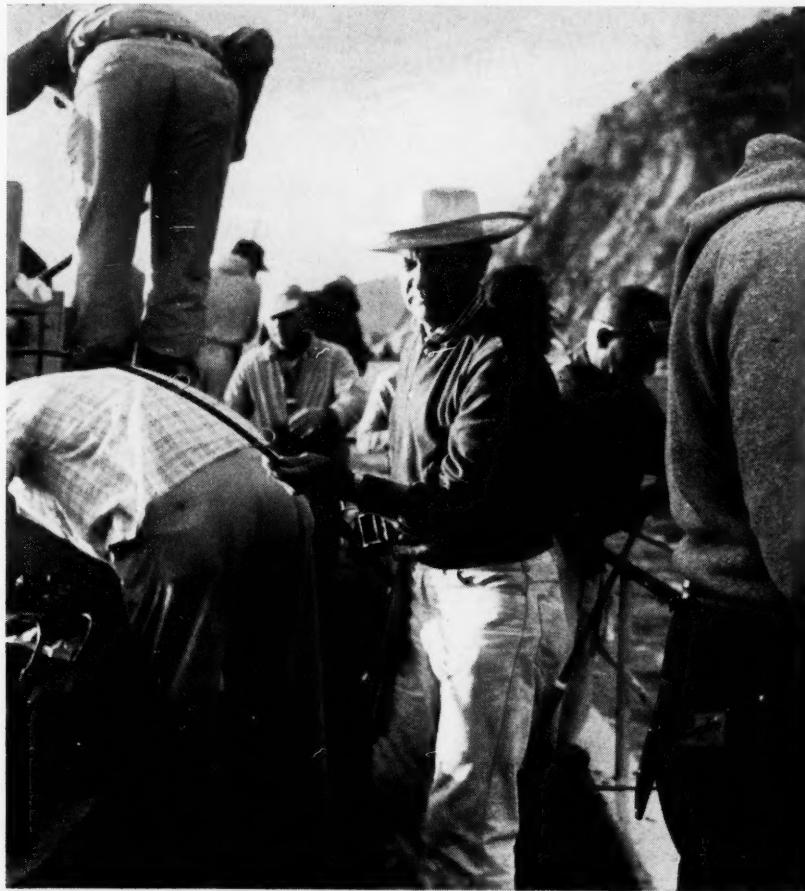
by Captain Elliott J. Ryan, a flyer at Nellis Air Force Base, caused coffee cups and sandwiches to be disregarded momentarily. His yellowtail turned out to be the last one bagged and it was large enough to win the *Rena*'s jackpot.

At 1200, all lines were reeled in and each of the six chartered fishing boats headed back to Newport Beach. High-point man on the *Rena* was AMSgt Bergman, with 42. Surprisingly, he did most of his fishing with two-pound test line. Qualifying fish ranged from five points for yellowtail, three for bonita, to two points for bass and other edible fish.

Back at Davey's Locker, the biggest fish of each boat were weighed. Team points were tallied and winners named. The team from NAS, Los Alamitos, was declared the winner and individual trophies and the El Toro Angler's Club revolving cup were presented to the "fishing masters."

Second-place team awards went to ComCruDesPac, of San Diego, and not to be "snake bit," the Marine team from H&HS-3 (Team #1) took third-place honors.

High individual point winner was YNC Harry S. Bonner, of ComCruDesPac. Fishing from the *Channel Clipper*, he bagged two yellowtails and a total of 51 points. PFC Baker was second, followed closely by A02 William E. Jones, of NAS, Los Alamitos, with 44 points.



When an angler scored a hook-up, his teammates quickly checked to see if he had a yellowtail, worth five points. Bass counted only two.



Weary "fish-off" group from *Bess Too* returned to Newport with their catch. The anglers rushed

the dock to compare their points with those of teams from the other five boats in the tournament

Members of the Marine Barracks, Concord, team were presented Davey's Locker "farthest distance team trophy" and RMC Jack H. Robinson, of the Naval Station, Long Beach, was awarded the "Hard Luck Trophy."

His tale of woe, presented by his boat judge, CWO Mills, won over stories ranging from "no fish" to "the big one that got away." Robinson's rod broke during a hook-up. The "monster" was boated, however, and the sailor was heard to say: "And, it was the smallest bonita I caught all day."

Except for the El Toro H&HS-3 (Team #1), consisting of Major William S. McCaslin, SgtMaj Stoops, GySgt Darold L. Heath and SSgt James M. Phelan, PFC Baker of Camp Pendleton, SSgt A. J. Casey (Pendleton's 7th Communications Battalion angler who won the award for the biggest fish caught—an 8½-pound Yellow) and ACpl Charles R. Nino of MCRDep, San Diego (who placed first among the alternate fisherman, with 38 points), it was a great day for the Navy. The Air Force teams from Nellis, SAC 93d Bomber Wing and Vandenberg struck out. The other teams from the *USS Thetis Bay*, MCRDep, San Diego, MB, Concord, MCAAS, Yuma, Camp Pendleton and El Toro only made a respectable showing.

It wasn't the fact that the big ones got away, they just didn't show. "Next year will be a different story," concluded AMSgt Bergman, Vice President of the El Toro Angler's Club. **END**



MSgt Jim Chipps, Boat Judge, (R) presented the "hard luck story." The trophy went to RMC J. M. Robinson of USNS, Long Beach



The team from the NAS, Los Alamitos, Calif., took the "championship cup" after they compiled a 122-point total



Second slot winners in the big "fish-off" were from ComCruDesPac, San Diego

Transfers



Each month *Leatherneck* publishes names of the top pay grade personnel transferred by Marine Corps Special Orders. We print as many as space permits. These columns list abbreviations of both old and new duty stations.

This feature is intended primarily to provide information whereby Marines may maintain a closer contact with this important phase of the Corps.

This listing is for information purposes only, and is NOT to be construed as orders. It is subject to HQMC modifications.

E9

AVEL, D P (9999) MAG-32 to 1stMAW
 BENTON JR., E A (9999) 8th105mmHowBn to 3dMarDiv
 FAIRBANKS, R S (9999) 3dMarDiv to 2dServBn
 FEELEY, F J (9999) MB SDiego to ForTrps 29 Palms
 HILL, L R (9999) FMFPac to ForTrps CamLej
 LANG, L R (9999) AirFMFPac to MCSC Barstow
 MORAN, A C (6613) FMFPac to 3d-MAW
 NICHOLS, R S (9999) 3dMarDiv to MCRC PI
 STOOPS, K Q (9999) 3dMAW to 8th-105mmHowBn

MORGAN JR., A M (0849) 2dMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
 MUCKLEY, A F (0398) FMFLant to 4thEngCo
 MURK, J J (0369) MCRD SD to 1st-MAW
 NICHOLSON, W L (6412) MAD PaxRiv to 3dMAW
 ROSSOFF, B M (0398) HQMC to MD USS Newport News
 SAYER, B W (6498) MARTD Atla to MCRC PI FFT
 STROUD, C P (3349) 2dMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
 THOMAS, L R (3519) MCAS K-Bay to MCS Quant

FRANCIS, R F (3311) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
 FRIEDL, J G (0369) MCRD SD to MB Adak
 FRIEDL, W C (6481) MCB CamPen to 3dMAW
 GRAHAM, J B (2771) 4thCommCo to MCRD SD
 GREEN, B D (0141) 1stMAW to 1st-MCRD
 HARDY, E G (3049) MCS Quant to 2dMAW
 HEDDERICK, J B (2529) 3dMarDiv to MCRD SD
 HILL, L P (0811) HQMC to ForTrps CamLej
 HOLEMAN, P T (3049) FMFPac to Camp Smith
 HUNTER, M W (6461) 1stMarBrig to MCAS Yuma
 IAVIN, L R (0369) 6thMCRRD to 1st-MarDiv
 JOHNSON, B G (3421) MCSC Albany to 2d-MAW
 JOHNSON, E (0141) 97thRIFCo to 2d-MAW
 JOHNSON, L C (0369) MB Yokosuka to 3dMarDiv
 JONES, P B (0369) 4thMCRRD to MCRD PI FFT
 JONES, W L (0369) 12thMCRRD to 1st-MarDiv
 KEARNS, W L (0141) 8thRIFCo to MCAS Beaufort
 LANTER, H E (3349) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant

E8

ALEXANDER, G L (3211) MCB CamLej to HQMC FFT
 ANDERSON, J T (0398) 2dMarDiv to 97thRIFCo
 AVERY, T J (0398) Camp Butler to ForTrps CamLej
 BAILEY, R A (3439) Camp Butler to 1st-MAW
 BEYERSDORF, R W E (0398) 3dMarDiv to 2dRIFCo
 BOHNE, R W (0398) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant
 CUNNINGHAM, R (3349) MB WashDC to 2d-MAW
 CRISCOLA, D A (0398) 5thCommCo to 3dMarDiv
 DINNING, G W (0398) 1stMarBrig to 98thRIFCo
 DUNHAM, W C (0398) 3dMarDiv to 5thCommCo
 ECKERSON, C J (0111) MCB CamLej to MCS Quant
 ESTERGALL, A J (0398) FMFLant to MB Earle NJ
 FARRITOR, J. F (3098) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej
 GEYER, H M (3098) 3dMarDiv to 1st-MAW
 GLEITSMANN, R P (6498) AirFMFPac to 1stMAW
 HENSEL JR., J G (4313) MB LBeach to MCRD SD
 HILLARD JR., S H (0398) MCB CamPen to 9thEngCo
 HOLLOWAY, C L (3098) FMFLant to MB Bikini
 JANKE, G W (6511) 1stMarDiv to 3d-MAW
 KIPICK, M (0398) MB WashDC to ForTrps CamLej
 KREINER, M E (0398) 2dMarDiv to 3d-MAW
 LANGLEY, J D (3098) 3dMarDiv to 8thRIFCo
 LEWIS, D E (0398) MCRD SD to 3dMarDiv
 LITTLE JR., A A (3088) 21stRIFCo to 1stMarDiv
 MCGOWAN, P T (3349) MCAS Beaufort to 3dMarDiv
 MC CARTHY, E J (0398) MB SFran to 21stRIFCo
 MC ELWAIN, M J (6481) MAD Mis to MAG-26
 MERRILL, W H (0398) 2dATCo to 3d-105mmHowBtry

E7

ABBOTT, H E (0369) 6thMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 ALLEN, W O (0369) 9thMCRRD to 1st-MarDiv
 BARNOW, V E (6511) 2dMAW to MCAS Eitoro FFT
 BARNAK, F (3049) MCS Quant to MC RD PI FFT
 BARNETT, A R (0369) 1stMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 BLANTON, H (2771) 1stTKBn to 1st-MarDiv
 BOOTH, K K (6412) 1stMarBrig to MARDT Glen
 BREEN, W H (3211) MCSC Albany to 6thMCRRD
 BRONK, C O (0369) 1stMarDiv to MB Subic Bay
 BROOKER, J T (0369) 1stMarDiv to MCB MTFID
 BROOKS, D G (2171) FMFPac to MCSC Barstow
 BURMAN, G B (6441) MCRD SD to 3dMAW
 BURRIS JR., A N (0369) NavAdvGru Korea to 15thRIFCo
 BURRIS, L W (2529) 5th105mmHowBn to LFTUPac
 CAHALL, C E (0141) 1stMAW to 9th-MCRD
 CALLEN, G T (2771) MCRD SD to ForTrps 29 Palms
 CHESTLEY, E (6621) 1stMarBrig to MACS-1
 CLARK, R V (3261) CamPen to MCB CamLej
 CONNELL, J C (3049) 5th105mmHowBn to MCSC Albany
 CONNELL, W (0369) 6thMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 DAVIS, E S (3049) MCSC Albany to ForTrps CamLej
 DAVIS, J R (3065) 3dMarDiv to MCSC Barstow
 DAVIS, F H (0141) MB Pearl to 1stMarDiv
 DENCY, F H (0141) MB Pearl to 1st-MarDiv
 DISMORE, K I (0369) MB Lualualei to 1stMarDiv
 DOWDY, C R (3361) 3dMarDiv to MCAS Oahu
 DOYLE, J F (0369) 1stMCRRD to ForTrps CamLej
 DOYOLA, F J (0141) COMCRUDESPAC to 12thMCRD
 ETHRIDGE, W C (0369) 9thMCRRD to 1stMarDiv

LARSON, E O (3049) MCSC Albany to 2dMarDiv
 LILLY, F D (4111) 1stMAW to MCAS CherPt
 LIPPOLD, J E (0141) 1stMAW to 4th-MCRD
 LORD, A H (3049) 3dMAW to MCRD SD
 MC CARTHY JR., A F (7041) MARTD LBeach to 3dMAW
 MC COLLOGH, G A (2771) FMFLant to 10thCommCo
 MC DONALD JR., (L G (0141) HQMC to MCAS CherPt
 MC NAMEE JR., J J (2761) 3dMarDiv to MB WashDC
 MILLER, S L (3516) 1stMAW to ForTrps CamLej
 MUSETTA, J E (3049) 88thRIFCo to MCS Quant
 NICHOLS, R J (0141) FMFPac to MB Pearl
 NUNNALLY, F D (8011) 2d155mmGun-Btry to ForTrps 29 Palms
 OATES, H W (2529) 1stMarBri to 1st-MarDiv
 POWELL, F D (1121) MB WashDC to ForTrps CamLej
 REDDER, A L (0369) MCB CamLej to MCRD SD FFT
 ROBERTSON, J E (2131) FMFLant to ForTrps 29 Palms
 ROBINSON, W C (4131) MCS Quant to MCAS New River
 ROGERS, T O (2529) 2dMarDiv to 5th105mmHowBtry
 ROSPERICH, A J (0369) 6thMCRRD to MCSC Albany
 ROSSI, R J (6511) 1stMarBrig to MAD Mis
 RUSKIC, E (1833) MB Gtmo to ForTrps CamLej
 SANBORN, R S (0141) MARTD Willow Grove to ForTrps CamLej
 SCHRADER, L J (7041/7304) 2dMAW to MAG-32
 SEGARRA, G (0141) MCRD PI to HQMC FFT
 SMITH, P R (3049) 1stMarDiv to 2d-MAW
 SMITH, W V (3049) 3dMarDiv to MCSA Phila
 STANLEY, J F (0369) 9thMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 SULLIVAN, E J (3421) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv
 SWEATT, L R (0369) 6thMCRRD to 3dMarDiv
 TILTON, T A (0369) 1stMarBrig to HQMC FFT
 TOLLE, F W (2529) 2dMarDiv to 1st-5th105mmHowBtry
 TOWNSEND, F G (0369) 4thMCRRD to MCAS CherPt
 TUJAGUE, J G (1169) MB NorVa to HQMC FFT
 WALKER, J A (0369) 1stMCRRD to MCAS CherPt
 WELCH, R D (0141) 1stMAW to 4th-MCRD
 WHITE, W F (0369) 1stMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 WIEDERQAX, L J (4131) MCAF New River to MCS Quant
 WILANDER, W H (0369) 1stMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 WOODWARD, E C (0369) 6thMCRRD to MCAS Barstow to 4th155mmAAA Btry
 ZIHRAR, A N (3069) MB WashDC to HQMC FFT

E6

ADAMS, J D (0811) FMFLant to 3d-MarDiv
 ALLEN, J B (1169) Camp Butler to 1stMarDiv
 AYERSON, N E (0369) FMFLant to 3d-MarDiv
 BAKER, H R (5543) 1stMAW to MCS Quant



"I want those pots cleaned so well that I can see my face in them and don't ask me why!"

Leatherneck Magazine

BARR, J B (0241) 2dMarDiv to MCRD PI
 BARTOLOUCCI, J A (0369) MCRD PI to 1stMCRRD
 BOEHME, F W (3071) 3dMAW to 1stMAW
 BOYER, R W (6632) MARTD Willow Grove to 2dMAW
 BYINGTON, R J (2561) (MCB 29 Palms to 1stMAW
 CANTALUPI, L R (2336) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
 CAPE, G A (0144) MCRD PI to MCB CamPen
 CASHWELL, B (3516) MCS Quant to 1stMAW
 CAUDILL, D C (3049) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej
 CHAMBERS, G C (2741) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej
 CHUNG, S (3421) MCSC Albany to 6thMCRRD
 CIOFALO, P (0369) MCAF New River to 1stMarDiv FFT
 CLYMORE, J J (1169) 1stMAW to 1stMAW
 CONRAD JR, R W (0369) 9thMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 COOK JR, R B (4631) MCRD SD to MCAF Santa Ana
 COPELAND, C P (0369) 9thMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 CORRAL, R A (2529) 2dMarDiv to 2d155mmHowBtry
 CORRIHER, C R (3049) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv
 COX JR, E A (0369) 1stMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 GRIMES, T J (2171) 2dMarDiv to MCSC Albany
 CUTSHALL, J J (0141) MCAS CherPt to MCS Quant
 DANIELS, A N (6481) MD USS Princeton to 3dMAW
 DAVIS, R C (6481) MB Phila to MAG-26
 DONNER, K (2511) 3dMarDiv to 2dMAW
 DOUGHERTY, L E (2529) 1stMarDiv to 3d105mmHowBtry
 DYER, W R (3049) 3dMarDiv to MCSC Albany
 EAGLE, G L (0141) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant
 EDGAR, D M (0369) 9thMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 ENGLAND, R F (0369) 1stMarDiv to MB Diego
 EVANS JR, A R (2171) MCSC Barstow to 1stMarDiv
 FENLEY, W C (0171) MCB CamLej to 1stMCRRD
 FERRANTE, F (4131) MB WashDC to MCAS Eitoro
 FERRIS, J J (3371) NavAdvGru Korea to 1stMarDiv
 FEUERBACH, J F (3049) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant
 FLINN, J D (2336) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant
 FRANK, R B (0811) 1stMarDiv to ForTrps 29 Palms
 FULLER, R F (0369) 1stMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 GATEWOOD, C C (0369) 8thMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 GENTEMANN JR, J L (2732) HQMC to ForTrps 29 Palms
 GILBERT, W E (0211) 2dMAW to Ft. Meade, Md.
 GILSON JR, 1stMAW to ForTrps CamLej
 GRAY, R A (2111) MB Phila to ForTrps CamLej
 GUNDER, R L (0369) 2dMarDiv to MCRD PI FFT
 HANNOUE, P (0369) MB Yokosuka to 1stMarDiv
 HANKINS, A J (6511) 1stMarBri to MAG-32
 HANNAH, T J (6442) 1stMarBri to MAG-32
 HANSELL, G L (4131) MB Yorkton to ForTrps CamLej
 HARRIS, E R (0369) MCRD PI to 9thMCRRD
 HEARD, N E (2539) MCRD SD to MCAS K-Bar
 HILL, E R (2529) 1st155mmHowBtry to MCAS K-Bar
 HILL, W P (6621) MCRD SD to 3dMAW
 HOLBROOK, V W (3516) MCAS Beaufort to 2dMarDiv
 HOLT, A T (0239) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
 HUME, R R (2741) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
 JACKSON, F L (0369) 8thMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 JAHNKE, J A (0141) 1stMAW to MB SFran
 JAMES, G V (0369) MCRD PI to MB Glakes
 JOHNSON, W L (0369) 8thMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 KELLOGG JR, F R (0369) MCRD SD to MB Corp
 KERR, L C (0369) 9thMCRRD to 3dMarDiv
 KNAPPMEYER, A J (0239) 1stMAW to 2dMAW
 LACY, J J (0141) 2dMAW to 5thMCRD
 LASISTER JR, A G (3516) FMFLant to 1stMAW
 LEWIS, D F (3049) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej
 LOMBARDO, R L (3049) 2dEnerCo to FMFLant
 LOVELAND, W O (3371) 3dMarDiv to MCAS CherPt
 MADISON JR, L R (3437) 1stMarDiv to MCRD PI
 MAGRIN, D W (2511) 2dMarDiv to MCRD PI FFT
 MARTIN, S E (3141) MCRD PI to 1stMCRRD
 MATTHEWS JR, J B (0369) 8thMCRRD to 3dMarDiv

MAXWELL, R P (4312) 6thMCRRD to MCRD PI
 MC ALISTER, J T (3516) FMFPac to MCRD Barstow
 MC CABE, T J (3516) 1stMAW to ForTrps CamLej
 MC CONVILLE, F G (1349) 3dMarDiv to MCRD PI FFT
 MC KINNON, M E (0369) MCRD SD to 3dMarDiv
 MC LEWIS, G W (2561) FMFPac to 1stMAW
 MILLER SR, C R (3371) MAD Pncl to MCRD PI
 MILLER, D W (0141) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej
 MITCHELL, H C (0369) Camp Butler to 2dMAW
 MOONEY, J F (6412) HQMC to MAD Mfs
 MORTIMER, D C (0369) MCAS CherPt to 9thMCRRD
 NOLEN, J H (1169) 1stMAW to 3dMAW
 O'CONNOR JR, W E (0369) 1stMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 OLIVER W M (0369) 6thMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 PENLAND, R D (3049) FMFLant to MCS Quant
 PERRY, W W (0811) 2dMarDiv to 2d155mmHowBtry
 PHETTERPLACE, W J (0369) MCB CamLej to MB Gtmo
 PHILLIPPI JR, L M (6412) HQMC to MAD Mfs
 PHILLIPS, C K (3516) 3dMAW to MCAS-I
 PORTER, L (3049) FMFLant to MCS Quant
 PRICE, J R (3049) 6th75mmAAABtry to 2dMarDiv
 REALE, J J (2639) 2dMarDiv to MCRD PI FFT
 REYNOLDS, A W (0141) AirFMFPac to ForTrps 29 Palms
 RIDGE, F H (2111) 1stMarDiv to ForTrps 29 Palms
 ROMINE, W L (6412) MCAS CherPt to MARDT Nrlns
 SANDORD, T J (3412) MCAS Albany to 6thMCRRD
 SCHMIDT, D A (2771) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej
 SEALEY, T J (3516) 2dMarDiv to ForTrps 29 Palms
 SEAMONS, F G (3421) MCSC Albany to 6thMCRRD
 SHERMAN, R (0369) 9thMCRRD to 3dMarDiv
 SHIMER, R W (3061) MCB CamPen to 3dMAW
 SLEDD, D (2539) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv
 SMITH JR, H R (3071) MAD Jax to MCRD PI FFT
 SMITH JR, J E (3049) MCB CamLej to FMFLant
 SMITH, R L (0211) MCAS Eitoro to 3dMarDiv
 SNOW, R D (3516) FMFLant to 1stMAW
 SPADE, K R (3061) 3dMarDiv to MAG-26
 STANLEY, E W (0231) 1stMAW to 2dMAW
 CWOFFORD, R C (0369) 1stMCRRD to ForTrps CamLej
 TEAGUE, E L (0349) 9thMCRRD to 3dMarDiv
 VAUGHN, L R (3611) MCSA Phila to MAG-32
 VELGER, R E (6412) 3dMAW to MAD PI Muqu
 VELASQUEZ, J P (3041) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv
 VERGA, C H (1861) MCS Quant to 1stMarBri
 WARD, B L (7041) MARTD Anacostia to 2dMAW
 WARD, B E (0369) 6thMCRRD to ForTrps CamLej
 WELLS, C W (0369) 1stMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 WHITENER, T L (0241) MAG-32 to 3dMarDiv
 WILLIAMS, H J (3619) 3dMarDiv to 2dMAW
 WILLIAMS, R L (2529) 1stMAW to 9thMCRD
 WILSON, F A (0141) MB Jax to 5thMCRD
 WILSON, K L (0369) 9thMCRRD to 1stMarDiv
 WINFREY, F L (3049) MCSC Albany to 2d75mmAAABtry
 YOUNG, R W (3dMAW to MCAS Eitoro
 ZUMSTEIN, C E (2732) HQMC to ForTrps 29 Palms

E5

ABERCROMBIE, R F (0141) MCB CamPen to MB Pearl
 ADKINS, S (0369) MCRD SD to 1stMarDiv
 AKERS, C W (6411) 1stMarBri to 2dMAW
 AMBROSIE, R H (0141) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant
 ARCHER, R C (6631) 1stMAW to MAD Jax
 BAKER, T H (0369) MCB CamPen to MCRD PI FFT
 BAILEY, D E (3087) MARTC Glen to 1stMAW
 BALL, L (0141) HQMC to ForTrps CamLej
 BALL, L (0141) HQMC to ForTrps CamLej
 BARNWELL, J S (0369) MCRD PI to MB Portsmouth NH
 BEYER, W T (1381) MB Bklyn to 2dMarDiv
 BIGBIE, D E (0141) 3dMarDiv to MB SFran

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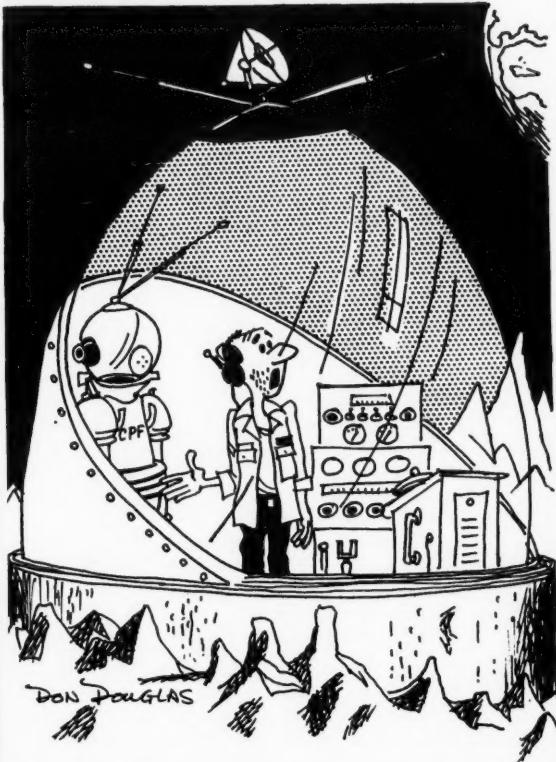
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TRANSFERS (cont.)

BOLIN, H E (0369) MB Subic Bay to 2dMAW
 BOLING, W R (1341) MCCWTC Bridgeport to MCB CamPen FFT
 BONTELL, W J (6621) MCRD SD to MCAS EiToro FFT
 BRADY, E M (3421) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamPen
 BREAM, P A (3041) 3dMarDiv to MCB 2d Palms
 BREWER, E W (6413) 2dMAW to MCAS EiToro FFT
 BROWN, A J (0141) MAD Mfs to ForTrps CamLej
 BUEKEMA, D R (0369) 1stMCRDD to 1stMarDiv
 CAMPJN, W C (2543) 3dMarDiv to 2dMAW
 CAREY, R L (0369) 1stMCRDD to 3dMarDiv
 CAMACHO, M (3041) MB Lake Meade to 3dMarDiv
 CHEESEMAN, L A (6611) 2dMAW to MAD Mfs
 CLARKSON, D E (3049) 1stMarDiv to MCRD SD
 CLOPTON, J L (0369) 1stMarDiv to MB SDiego
 COCONIS, P P (2511) FMFLant to MCRD PI FFT
 COREY, D J (0369) MCRD PI to MCB CamPen FFT
 COTTMAN, D O (3049) 1stMarDiv to MCB Barstow
 COUNTY, C C (3611) 1stMAW to MCA Yuma
 CRAFT, A M (3051) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej
 CROWLEY, JR., P G (3061) MCCWTC Bridgeport to 1stMarDiv
 CUNNINGHAM, C E (2533) MD USS Princeton to 1stMarDiv
 CZARNECKI, E L (1141) 1stMAW to ForTrps 29 Palms
 DAVIS, A A (3371) 1stMAW to MCRD SD
 DAVIS, O E (0141) 3dMarDiv to 9th-MCRD
 DAVISON, J W (3049) MCB CamLej to MCB Albany
 DE MUTH, W F (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamPen
 DIAS, V C (0369) MB Atsugi to MCB CamPen
 DOLPH, J C (1831) FMFLant to 3dMarDiv
 DOYLE, J M (2761) 3dMarDiv to MB SFran
 DRAKE, E H (6631) 1stMarBrig to MAD Jax
 FARRIN, H R (3537) 1stMarDiv to MAD Mfs
 FISCH, W C (0811) FMFLant to MCRD PI FFT
 FLANIGAN, W E (3026) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej
 FLUMAN, C E (6511) 1stMarBrig to MAD Jax
 FOSTER, F C (3371) 3dMarDiv to MCAS Beaufort
 GARRISON, A (3011) 3dMarDiv to MC-AF Santa Ana
 GLADFELTER, J W (0369) MCB CamPen to MB LBeach
 GLASSMAN, W S (2511) 1stMarBrig to 1stMarDiv
 GLOVER, F M (3051) FMFLant to MCB Albany
 GOVIER, JR., T E (6621) MCRD SD to 3dMAW
 GREENWALT, H E (2752) HQMC to ForTrps 29 Palms
 GROVES, E (3211) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant
 HALL, J B (6413) MCAS Beaufort to MCAS EiToro FFT
 HAMMETT, M A (6621) MCRD SD to 2dMAW
 HANSON, D S (0761) FMFPac to 3dMarDiv
 HARDY, J (3121) 3dMarDiv to MAG-26
 HAYES, D M (3051) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant
 HELFER, J E (0141) 3dMarDiv to Ft. Benning
 HENDEL, G F (2171) 1stMarDiv to MCB Barstow
 HERKOWITZ, S L (6413) 3dMAW to MCAS EiToro FFT
 HILL, A H (0369) 9thMCRDD to 1stMarDiv
 HILL, JR., E (3049) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej
 HINES, M R (0369) 2dMarDiv to MCS Quant
 HORNADY, A L (1121) Camp Butler to ForTrps CamLej
 HORTTR, R E (2717) FMFPac to 1stMarDiv
 HURL, C W (3261) MAG-32 to MCRD PI
 HUNT, D D (3516) 1stMarDiv to 1stMAW
 ISSACS, R A (0369) MCRD PI to 1stMarDiv
 KAMAHOOHA, D W (6412) 1stMarBrig to 3dMAW
 KELLY, E W B (0369) MCB CamPen to 3dMarDiv
 KELLY, T E (0369) 1stMCRDD to 1stMarDiv
 KENNEDY, R J (3041) MCB CamPen to ForTrps 29 Palms
 KEYTON, C W (3051) 1stMarDiv to MCB Barstow
 KINDLER, G L (2732) HQMC to ForTrps 29 Palms
 KLAUS, J D (3531) 1stMarDiv to MCAS K-Bar
 KNOEFERL, K J (0369) MB Yokosuka to 1stMarDiv
 KUHN, M R (6811) MCS Quant to 1stMAW
 LAMPKIN, G L (3613) MCAS EiToro to MCB 29 Palms
 LINDEMAYER, R R (3051) 3dMarDiv to MCRD SD
 LINKE, B D (0369) 8thInfBn to 1stMarDiv
 LONGNECKER, E S (1811) FMFLant to 3dMarDiv
 LOVETT, E L (6481) MD USS Princeton to 3dMAW
 LUM, A J A (0141) MB Pearl to 3dMAW
 MACK, D W (3049) 1stMCRDD to MCB Quant to 3dMarDiv
 MACKOWELL, L J (3011) MB Sasebo to 1stMarDiv
 MC CLINTON, R S (3011) 3dMarDiv to MCRD PI
 MC ILHENNEY, R D (5711) 3dMarDiv to 3dMAW
 MC KAY, P (1811) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
 MEYERS, J R (0369) 2dMarDiv to HQMC
 MEZA, R C (0369) MCB CamPen to LFTFPac
 MILKIS, E R (3036) 3dMarDiv to MAG-32
 MINCART, C P (0141) 3dMAW to CONCRUDESCPAC
 MONTAGUE, J M (3516) 3dEnerCo to 1stMAW
 MONTI, W J (0231) 4thMCRDD to 3dMarDiv
 MORTON, J A (0369) MCRD PI to MAD Mfs
 NICHOLS, A L (5711) MACS-7 to 4thMCRD
 OLDFIELD, R L (0369) 1stMarDiv to 1stMarDiv
 OLIVER, J M (1341) Camp Butler to ForTrps CamLej
 OSMOND, J P (4029) MCB CamLej to MCB Albany
 OVERY, P W H (2636) 3dMarDiv to MCRD SD
 PALEN, L W (3049) MCB CamPen to ForTrps 29 Palms
 PALLO, JR., M (0141) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant
 PEASE, M E (0141) MCS Quant to 1stMarDiv
 PEDERSON, R C (6614) AirFMFPac to MAD Mfs
 PEEDEN, B R (0369) MCRD PI to 1stMarDiv
 PENNINGTON, B B (3049) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv
 PHILLIPS, D F (2543) FMFLant to MCB CamPen FFT
 POLLACK, D M (3371) 3dMarDiv to MCRD SD
 POLLARD, R L (0141) 6thMCRDD to 2dMAW
 POSEY, H F (0141) MCS Quant to ForTrps CamLej
 ROBERTS, C L (2511) MCB CamLej to 1stMarDiv
 ROBERTS, J G (2511) MCS Quant to MCB CamPen FFT
 ROBERTSON, J P (0231) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv
 ROLLYSON, A R (1121) Camp Butler to ForTrps CamLej
 ROSSER, W A (0141) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv
 ROTH, H T (0171) MCS Quant to MCB PI
 ROTTOSOLK, S R, L H (0141) MCAS K-Bar to 1stMarDiv
 SAKOSKY, E G (3011) 3dMarDiv to MCRD SD
 SEARCH, JR., W L (2741) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej
 SHOTTER, JR., J (6621) MCRD SD to 3dMAW
 SIMS, C G (3613) MCSA Phila to 2dMAW
 SMITH, R R (3041) 3dMarDiv to MCSC Albany
 SORENSEN, W T (3041) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamPen
 SPEAK, JR., R (0369) MCB CamPen to MB Subic Bay
 STEELE, L M (3049) FMFPac to MCB CamPen
 STEVENS, A E (3371) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamPen
 TACKETT, R D (0441) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv
 THOMAS, F D (0369) 6thMCRDD to 1stMarDiv
 THOMPSON, F L (6511) 2dMAW to MAD Jax
 THOMPSON, W C (0171) MCS Quant to 1stMCRD
 TIBBS, H T (1371) MB SFran to 1stMarDiv
 VAIL, E F (0369) MB Pearl to 1stMarDiv
 VERUGO, B M (1811) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
 WELCH, R A (3241) MCB 29 Palms to 1stMarDiv
 WEST, J R (3121) 2dMAW to MAD Mfs
 WICKLAND, R A (1811) 2dMarDiv to 3dMarDiv
 WILLIAMS, W D (0369) MCB CamLej to MB Norva
 WILSON, J W (3049) MCB CamPen to ForTrps 29 Palms
 WINTERBERT, W B (0171) MCS Quant to MCAS CherP
 WOLD, H A (6611) 1stMarBrig to MAD Mfs
 WRIGHT, D A (0369) 12thMCRDD to 1stMarDiv



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CONCORD

[continued from page 53]

courage all to get out and perform."

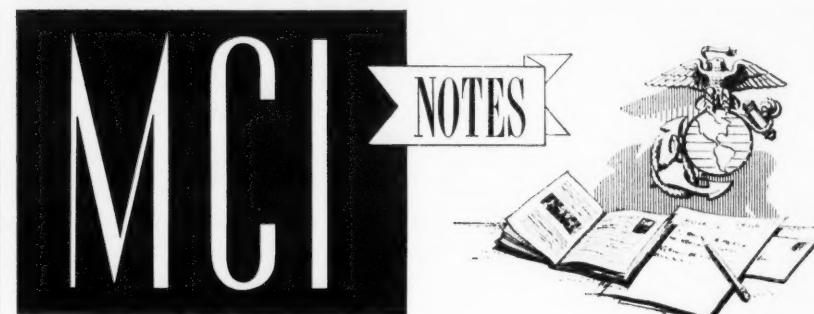
Besides intramural sports, the biggest outdoor sport at Concord is fishing. Nearby are areas which would gladden the heart of the most avid sportsman. Considered a haven for boating and fishing, Concord is located on the emergence of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers and Suisun Bay, tributary to San Francisco Bay.

Besides a "full boat" of recreation activities and sentry duty, the Barracks follows the standard training pattern. Guard mounts are held regularly, eight-man drill is practiced at least twice a week and the off-duty platoon attends classes daily. Conditioning hikes are held monthly inside the ever-stretching fence enclosure and, on occasion, hikes are made up nearby Mt. Diablo. Diablo, a 3800-foot chunk of granite, can be seen from any location on the Depot. "It's a sure test of mountain climbing," Capt Livingstone said.

"Last year's Armed Forces Day was one example of showing our wares to the locals," LtCol Cloern said. "Besides an underwater demolition demonstration, illustrations on stowage of ammunition, an advanced weapons display and firefighting equipment employment, the Concord Marines demonstrated judo, wrestling and boxing. Highlight was a helicopter-borne troop landing and an assault on a fortified position. Helicopters from MCAS, El Toro, were used to lift troops into position." Added the colonel, "Our drill team and 13-man Drum and Bugle Corps also get frequent calls to perform in the nearby communities."

With reference to housing, all Marine officers live aboard. Eniwetok Village takes care of most enlisted dependent housing problems. It is located in the city of Concord, about a five minute ride from the main gate. Rents range from \$42.30, unfurnished, for a one-bedroom unit, to \$60.20, furnished, three-bedroom apartment. ACpl Henry E. Menges indicated that he moved into his two-bedroom apartment immediately. His case was unusual. The current waiting period is from six to eight weeks.

"Because a large share of the Marine brown baggers live at Eniwetok, most everyone shares rides to and from camp," ACpl Menges said. "The wives also band together and travel in groups to the commissaries at the Army Terminal, Alameda, or Mare Island about twice a month." Because the commissaries (continued on page 87)



Marine telephone maintenance men now have seven well-prepared courses available to them through the Marine Corps Institute. The courses cover subjects ranging from circuitry communication systems to the maintenance and repair of teletype equipment. Telephone men have an excellent opportunity to learn their MOS and gain a greater knowledge of OF-26, Telephone Maintenance.

OF-26, TELEPHONE MAINTENANCE

26.3—COMMUNICATIONS CIRCUITRY SYSTEMS.

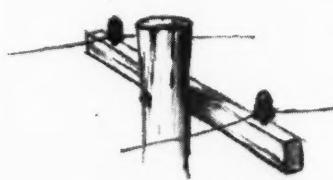
Presents instruction in the use of wire circuits and systems for the transmission and reception of signals by electrical means. For Marines in MOSs 2631, 2634, 2636 and 2638.

PREREQUISITE: MCI's Basic Electricity for Electronics Personnel I and II or equivalent background in d-c and a-c electricity, and parallel and series circuits. Six lessons. Thirty study hours.

26.4—TELEPHONE FUNDAMENTALS, LOCAL BATTERY.

Introduces the student to the fundamentals in telephony communication and familiarizes him with the functions and operating principles of telephone equipment.

PREREQUISITE: MCI's Communication System Circuitry or equivalent background. Circuit tracing and analysis. Seven lessons. Thirty study hours.



26.5—TELETYPE FUNDAMENTALS, CIRCUITS.

Teaches the student the fundamentals of teletypewriter theory and familiarizes him with the functions and operating characteristics of teletypewriter equipment.

PREREQUISITE: MCI's Communication System Circuitry or equivalent background in circuit tracing and analysis. Six lessons. Thirty-three study hours. Recommended credit: three semester hours of terminal junior college credit.

26.7—TELEPHONE FUNDAMENTALS, COMMON BATTERY.

Particularly for those preparing for advancement in MOSs 2636 and 2639. Introduces the student to the fundamentals of common-battery telephone theory functioning, and operation.

PREREQUISITE: MCI's Communication Systems Circuitry or equivalent background and MCI's Telephone Fundamentals, Local Battery or its equivalent. Eight lessons. Twenty-nine study hours.

26.8—TELEPHONE TECHNICIAN METERS.

Provides the general theory and basic application of test instruments.

PREREQUISITE: MCI's Basic Electricity for Electronics Personnel I and II or equivalent background experience in MOSs 2631, 2633, 2634 and 2636. Seven lessons. Twenty-one study hours. Recommended credit: two semester hours of terminal junior college credit.

26.9—TELEPHONE TECHNICIAN, POWER SUPPLIES.

Presents to the telephone technician (MOS 2639), staff sergeants and above, the general theory, functions, and basic application of various power supply circuits used in telephone maintenance. Provides instruction on the operating theory of complete power-supply systems.

PREREQUISITE: MCI's Communication Systems Circuitry, or equivalent background in electricity and circuitry. Six lessons. Eighteen study hours.

26.16—TELETYPE FUNDAMENTALS, EQUIPMENT.

Provides Marines in MOSs 2631 and 2633 with the technical principles and procedures used in the installation, maintenance, repair, and adjustment of teletypewriter equipment.

PREREQUISITE: MCI's Teletype Fundamentals, Circuits or equivalent knowledge of communication electrical circuits. Seven lessons. Eighteen study hours.

END



Angie Dickinson

BULLETIN BOARD

Compiled by AMSgt Francis J. Kulluson

BULLETIN BOARD is *Leatherneck's* interpretation of information released by Headquarters Marine Corps and other sources. Items on these pages are not to be considered official.

National Defense Student Loan Program

Many educational opportunities for college-bound ex-servicemen, and particularly for those who wish to go into scientific or educational work, are provided by the National Defense Education Act, also known as Public Law 85-864. The National Defense Student Loan Program was authorized by this law and is intended "to identify and educate more of the talent of our Nation and to insure trained manpower of sufficient quality and quantity to meet the national defense needs of the U. S."

This act provides for the creation of loan funds from which needy undergraduate and graduate students may borrow on reasonable terms for the purpose of completing their higher education. A student may borrow up to \$1000 during any one year and may borrow up to \$5000 during his entire education. He must start to repay his loan one year after he ceases to be a full-time student and

the entire loan must be repaid within 10 years after that, at three percent interest.

However, if the student decides to become a full-time elementary or secondary school teacher, he then becomes eligible to have up to 50 percent of his loan (plus interest) canceled. In other words, he need repay only one-half of the loan.

Interested students may learn from their respective deans and financial aid officers whether such funds yet exist on their campus. The college or university selects the recipients, arranges the loans and is responsible for their collection.

There are also numerous provisions for fellowships for graduate education and other scholarship aids. You may get full information by writing to the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. and asking for a copy of Public Law 85-864, enclosing 15¢ in coins.

Marine Corps Drops Acting Rank Titles

The Commandant of the Marine Corps has issued a directive eliminating the word "acting" from all enlisted rank titles and designating July 1, 1963, as the cut-off date for complete conversion to the new enlisted rank structure.

The directive provides that an acting master sergeant, for example, will now be designated simply as a master sergeant (E-7). The same procedure will be followed in re-designating Marines carrying acting titles in all other grades.

The Commandant's new policy was spelled out in Marine Corps Bulletin 1223, which was issued August 1 as an ALMAR. The Bulletin also stipulates that staff sergeants (E-5) will be considered staff NCOs until July 1, 1963. Subsequently, they will be sergeants (E-5) and not staff NCOs.

After the cut-off date—July 1, 1963—all enlisted Marines will be carrying the rank title appropriate for their pay grade under the new enlisted rank structure. By that time, Marines in all grades will have had an opportunity to qualify for new ranks as a result of promotion. Those who do not so qualify will be re-designated. A Marine serving as a sergeant (E-4) on July 1, 1963, for example, would be re-designated as a corporal (E-4) and the same procedure will be followed in the other ranks.

Marine Corps Bulletin 1223 also provides that recognition and privileges accorded sergeants and corporals, regardless of pay grade, will "include where practicable suitable club and messing facilities and liberty considerations."

New Fitness Report Policies Established For NCOs

NCO fitness report procedures have been revised to conform to the new policy established by the Commandant of the Marine Corps last February on officer fitness reports.

Under terms of MCO 1611.3A issued recently as an ALMAR, NCOs will not see their completed fitness reports unless they contain unsatisfactory

marks or entries.

The new order, applicable to both officers and NCOs, also provides that:

(1) An outstanding or unsatisfactory mark in Section 16.a (regular duties) or Section 19 (general value to the service) will be specifically justified under Section "D" in the space reserved for

BULLETIN BOARD (cont.)

the reporting senior's handwritten remarks.

(2) On each reporting occasion, the reporting senior will record under item 19 (general value to the service) the total number of Marines of the same grade marked outstanding, excellent, above average, etc.

Except for minor details, all of the provisions of

the MCO 1611.3A had been in effect with respect to officer fitness reports since last February 15.

The new order, however, is more explicit in defining an unsatisfactory fitness report. Specifically, it provides that an officer or NCO will not be shown his completed report unless it contains: (1) An unsatisfactory mark under items 16, 17, or 19; (2) A "prefer not to have" mark under item 18; or (3) An unfavorable remark in Section "D".

World War II Veterans Now Have A Two-Year Extension For Obtaining VA-Guaranteed Home, Farm and Business Loans

World War II veterans have two more years in which to obtain Veterans Administration-guaranteed home, farm and business loans as the result of a bill signed into law this year, by the President.

Under this same law, both World War II and Korean Conflict veterans can continue to apply for direct loans from the Federal government if they live in designated rural areas where GI loans are not obtainable from the local lending institutions.

The new law authorizes Treasury Department advances of \$150 million in each of the next two years of this direct loan extension program.

New expiration date for the guaranteed loan program for World War II veterans and for the direct loan program for both World War II and Korean veterans is July 25, 1962. The prior deadline for both programs was July 25, 1960.

Since it was started in June, 1944, the GI loan program has guaranteed more than five million loans to World War II veterans, totaling approximately \$41 billion, and to 775,000 Korea veterans, amounting to nearly \$9 billion.

Since direct loans were first authorized in July, 1950, the VA has made 165,000 direct loans total-

ing \$1.3 billion in rural areas and small towns where veterans could not secure loans from local lending facilities.

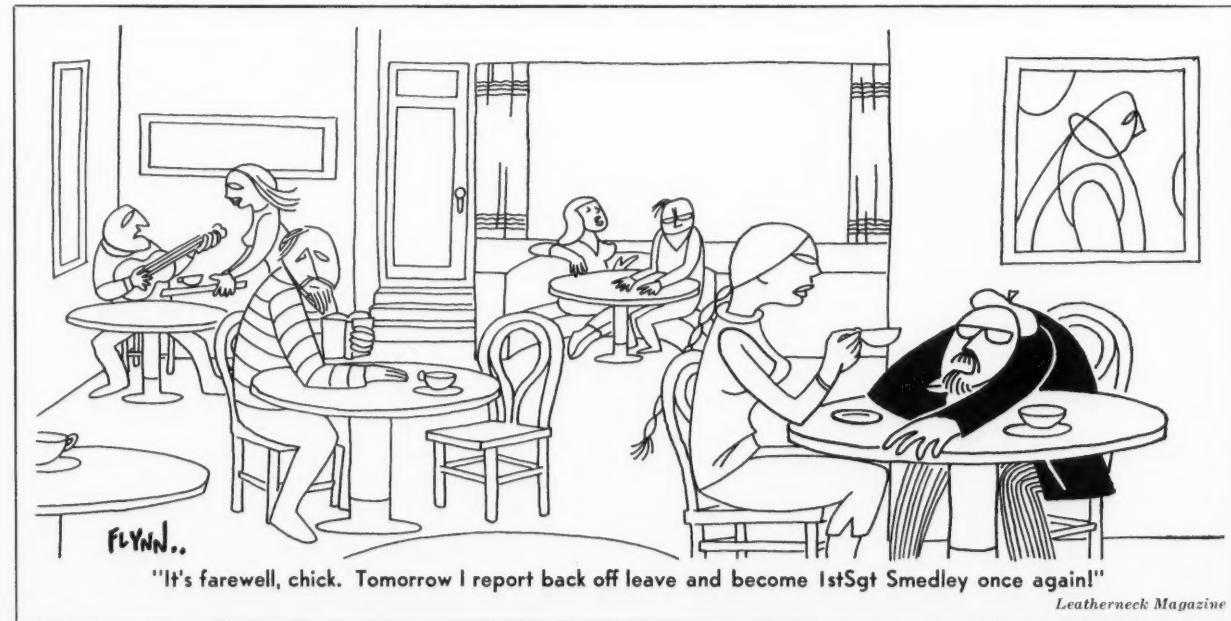
While both World War II and Korea veterans had until July 25, 1960, to apply for direct loans, Korea veterans may continue to seek VA-guaranteed loans through January 31, 1965, through previous legislation.

The GI loan interest rate of 5 1/4 percent remains unchanged by the new law.

The new law also will require that earnest money deposits veterans make be placed in trust accounts so that they will be safeguarded in case the builder becomes insolvent.

Another provision will allow the VA to guarantee a loan so long as the application is received prior to the new terminal date. Formerly, the law provided VA had one year in which to issue its evidence of guaranty. This amendment will allow the guaranty of loans submitted before the terminal date when, because of title problems, delays in construction, or other reasons, the loan cannot be completed within one year.

END



SOUND OFF

[continued from page 13]

will be promulgated to the Service as soon as possible."

Head, Regular Officer Candidate Section, Military Personnel Procurement Branch, answered your second query.

"A Marine Corps Order which outlines the criteria for the E-4 and above Warrant Officer Program, is currently being staffed at Headquarters Marine Corps and will be promulgated to the field in the near future.

"Reserve time may count towards the 6-8 year service requirement only for that period."

Head, Enlisted Section, Promotion Branch, HQMC, said:

"Negative to question c. It is anticipated that the next testing cycle will be during the Third Quarter of Fiscal Year 1961."—Ed.

"ARCH OF SWORDS"

Dear Sir:

It is requested that I be furnished information as to who rates swords at a military wedding. (The swords that are used for saluting the bride and groom as they leave the chapel.)

The consensus here is that only officers and staff NCOs rate such honors. If true, is there any regulation so stating?

MSgt Jimmie A. Trasher
MB, U. S. Naval Station
San Diego 36, Calif.

● G-3 Division, Training Branch, HQMC, commented as follows:

"There is no official reference which provides instructions for the use of swords at weddings, or which limits such use to particular ranks of individuals being married.

"It would appear that the 'arch of swords' is simply tradition of long-standing. It is not necessarily 'honors', but merely the addition of a military aspect to an important event in a person's life. As such, it has no relationship to rank.

"Regardless of for whom the arch is formed, it should be done only when participants are in uniform. As in the case of the wedding itself, any military aspects should be executed with dignity and in good taste."—Ed.

PRIVATE'S PAY IN 1940

Dear Sir:

There is some information I would like to have. I'm a former Marine and I'd like to know what year a private made 30 dollars a month. I say it was

sometime during 1940 and after 90 days of service.

L. Stevens
Hotel Irving #233
4849 Irving Park Rd.
Chicago, Ill.

● The pay bill was changed from \$21.00 per month to \$30.00, effective 1 October 1940, until 31 May 1942. One of the requirements was that the man receiving this raise had to have no less than four months' service.—Ed.

U.S.S. ARIZONA MEMORIAL REUNION

The memorial reunion of former officers and enlisted personnel who served on board the U.S.S. ARIZONA (BB 39), has been officially set for 22 April 1961, at the Lafayette Hotel in Long Beach, Calif.

All former members who served on board the U.S.S. ARIZONA, from the date of commissioning to Pearl Harbor Day, are urged to immediately contact their Reunion Chairman: Joe Keehen, 811 Locust Ave., Long Beach 13, Calif. In addition widows and relatives of men who were lost at Pearl Harbor are also invited to attend this memorial reunion.

UNIT DIARY ENTRY

Dear Sir:

I am writing in regard to the interpretation of Paragraph 6417.1, PRAM and Paragraph 4016.3a, PRAM. Paragraph 6417.1, PRAM states, when an individual is apprehended and retained by civil authorities this fact will be recorded on the Unit Diary. Paragraph 4016.3a, PRAM states that when a person is convicted, the following should be recorded on Page 11 of the Service Record: Date of arrest, nature and date of the offense, trial date, the fact of conviction, sentence adjudged and the action taken by the commanding officer.

My question is: If an individual is apprehended at 1800 by civil authorities for disorderly conduct and retained until 2300, then released under bond to appear later in court, appears two days later in court, is convicted, fined and released, is this entered on the Unit Diary and Page 11 of the Service Record Book?

Sgt George B. Search
H&S Co, 2d Tank Bn.,
ForTrps, FMFLant

Camp Lejeune, N.C.

● Personnel Department, Data Processing Section, HQMC, had this to say:
"In the case of the example cited,

two Unit Diary entries would be required:

"a. The first would appear on the first Unit Diary prepared subsequent to the apprehension; this remark would include time and date of apprehension, designation of apprehension authority, charges, period retained, and fact that individual was released under bond.

"b. The second would be made subsequent to his trial; this remark would include date of trial and whether convicted, acquitted, or fact that charges were dropped, as appropriate.

"One or more Service Record entries may be made, as required by Paragraph 4016.3a, PRAM; one entry for each Unit Diary remark, or, the commanding officer may desire to enter one remark covering the entire occurrence upon final disposition by the civil authorities."—Ed.

SPELLING O'BANNON'S NAME

Dear Sir:

I read with interest the letter from the Director, Kentucky Historical Society, in the August, 1960, issue of Leatherneck.

I also was pleased to notice the handsome headstone that was placed



Lt O'Bannon-O'Banion

on the grave of "the hero of Derne, Tripoli . . ." But, how is this man's name spelled? Presuming that if the lieutenant himself presided over the cutting of the stone, then he must have believed that his name was spelled O'BANION as it shows in the picture. Yet, generations of Marines have learned to spell it O'BANNON as you, yourself, have. What was the lieutenant's last name?

Cpl John H. Lynch, USMCR
1729 Cowper St.
Palo Alto, Calif.

● Marine Corps records show that the lieutenant spelled his name O'BANNON while he was in the Corps. After he left the service, his family changed the spelling to O'BANION and he did likewise.—Ed.

In Reserve



Edited by LCpl Pete Schinkel



PFCs Joe Leseney (left), and Robert Turk, both members of the 7th 77-mm. AAA Btry, USMCR,

Pasadena, Calif., worked with the Terrier missiles and their carriers during annual Summer Training

Photo by ASSgt Paul A. Berger

Like Father, Like Son

If daily association with the Marine Corps could earn hashmarks, ACpl Joseph W. Earnshaw, Jr., of San Jose's (Calif) 5th 75-mm. AAA Battery, would wear five. As it is, he only gets to wear one for his five years of Reserve service.

Few members of the San Jose unit have experiences or duty stations behind them that the 22-year old corporal has, for when your father serves 30 years as a Marine officer, travel is more than a slogan on a recruiting poster.

ACpl Earnshaw's father is Major General Joseph W. Earnshaw, USMCR (Retd.) The younger Earnshaw is following in his father's footsteps. For example, ACpl Earnshaw now serves with an Antiaircraft Artillery Battery. During World War II, the then-Colonel Earnshaw commanded the 2d Provisional Antiaircraft Artillery Group.

ACpl Earnshaw attends San Jose State College and, following graduation, plans to apply for a commission.

Although he has more duty stations behind him than the others of his unit,

ACpl Earnshaw is only one of many reservists in the 5th who are working on a college degree. In fact, 40 percent of the enlisted men and all of its officers have either graduated from or are attending college.

Among the 109 enlisted men in the 5th, six now hold baccalaureate degrees, while one is studying for his Master of Arts degree. Major subjects of the six degree holders include, philosophy, geology, English, architecture, education and engineering.

SSgt Charles R. Kester
TIO, RL&TS
MCB, Twentynine Palms, Calif.

Overland Trail

This Summer, members of the 4th Truck Co., USMCR, rolled out of Erie, Pa., in "six-bys," for a 600-mile trip to Little Creek, Va., where they attended annual Summer field training. This was believed to be the longest motor march ever attempted by an Organized Marine Corps Reserve Unit. A side light of the trip was the transportation of another Reserve Unit in the same



Photo by AGySgt R. B. Cook, Jr.
Miss Terri Olsen aligned the cover of PFC Robert Stouffer, a member of the 101st Rifle Co.

convoy. The 34th Rifle Co., of Johnstown, Pa. was picked up on the way and both units bivouaced together at Cacapon State Park, W. Va., while en route.

As well as setting a distance precedent for Reserve convoys, the trip also served as a training stint for drivers and mechanics.

Capt F. V. Costanza
4th Truck Co.
MCRTC, Erie, Pa.

Pro-Pay

Knowing his job paid off for Cpl Ralph P. Hunt, a member of the I-I staff, 58th Rifle Co., Billings, Mont. Cpl Hunt has been doing all of the photographing, developing and printing work for the 58th since he was assigned there in March of 1960, and apparently he has been doing a good job. His reason for thinking so: He was selected as official photographer for the Miss Montana contest which was held in Billings this Summer.

Capt B. E. Davidson, USMCR
58th Rifle Co.
N&MCRTC
Billings, Mont.



Official USMC Photo

Newly appointed Jersey City municipal court judge, W. McLaughlin, a Reservist, was congratulated by his father and Col M. Schacher

Reserve Rescues

Members of Marine Corps Reserve units turned what might have been tragedy for two families into happiness last Summer.

Mrs. Bobbie Tayala and her 23-month-old son, Larry, were visiting the

home of Sgt John Striano, an analyst at the 4th MCR&RD, Philadelphia, Pa. Little Larry found a dish of peanuts and began eating them. One of the tidbits lodged in his windpipe and he was unable to breathe. In panic, he swallowed his tongue.

Sgt Striano quickly loosened the boy's tongue from his throat and dislodged the peanut.

The time lapse, however, had caused the boy to lose consciousness from lack of oxygen. Sgt Striano, quickly began applying artificial respiration.

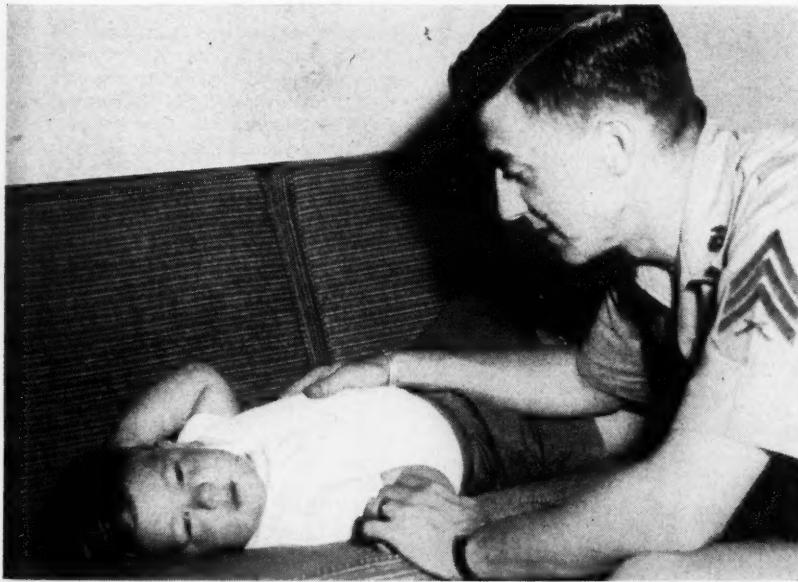
After a few minutes, which seemed like an eternity to the worried mother, Larry began to breathe again.

On the West Coast, little Sharon Mott was in the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, where she was being prepared for open-heart surgery. She needed a large supply of whole, fresh blood. Reservists from the 6th Communications Co., Alameda, Calif., who were at San Diego for their two weeks of Summer field training, heard of Sharon's plight and nearly every member of the unit volunteered to give the needed blood. Twenty-two of the Reservists had Sharon's blood type and the little girl was operated on the day before the unit completed its training.

Although the Reservists had to leave before they learned whether the delicate operation was a success, they left a life-size doll and a toy panda bear in Sharon's hospital room.

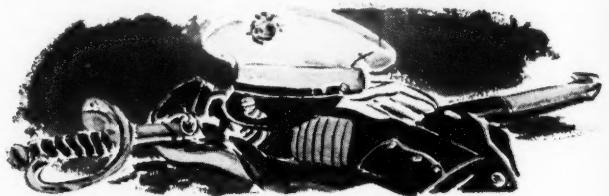
Sharon, the daughter of SSgt Dale Mott, of Barstow, Calif., has made an almost complete recovery.

ASgt Thomas Shannon
Hq., 4th MCR&RD
Phila., Pa.
TIO, RL&TG
MCRD, San Diego, Calif.



In Philadelphia, little Larry Tayala had a close call when he choked on a peanut. Sgt John Striano (R) removed the obstruction in time

Once a Marine...



EACH MONTH *Leatherneck* will publish the names of officer and enlisted personnel who are retired from the Marine Corps. Newsworthy items concerning retired personnel will also be published. Names of retired personnel are furnished by the Separation and Retirement Branch, HQMC, and are not to be considered as orders to retirement or transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

Edited by LCpl Pete E. Schinkel

1 STSgt John Q. Goffe and MSgt Harold B. Wells, both former members of the *Leatherneck* staff, retired from the Marine Corps on July 31st.

1stSgt Goffe enlisted in November, 1936. Upon completion of his training at Parris Island, he served in the eastern U. S. and Cuba. During the early part of World War II, he was in First Sergeants School in Philadelphia, Pa.

After completing school, he was ordered to Camp Lejeune for an overseas draft to American Samoa, where he underwent combat training with the 22d Marines. His regiment later shoved off for Hawaii and from there went to the Marshall Islands where they were used as a floating reserve for Kwajalein. Goffe was next in the assault wave on Eniwetok. After the capture of Eniwetok, he moved with his regiment to

replace the Fourth Division in the occupation of Kwajalein.

Leaving Kwajalein, he was ordered to Guadalcanal as a member of the newly formed First Marine Brigade.

Goffe had contracted filariasis in the islands and, during the latter part of the war, was sent to Klamath Falls, Ore., for five months treatment.

Following his stay in the hospital, 1stSgt Goffe served in China, New Orleans and Camp Lejeune, and in 1949, was assigned to *Leatherneck Magazine* as Circulation Manager.

After completing a three-year tour with *Leatherneck*, he was ordered to MCS, Quantico, as Training Chief of Service Bn., and, later, as First Sergeant of Guard Co. Following this, he served aboard the *USS Baltimore* and the *USS Des Moines*.

After completing his tour on the *USS Des Moines*, he was sent to 8th & I, Washington, D. C., for duty, and then to HQMC, Washington, D. C., as First Sergeant of "A" Co., Headquarters Bn., where he remained until his retirement.

Goffe plans to make his home in West Palm Beach, Fla., with his wife, Camille, and their two children, Brian, three, and Jerri, five.

MSgt Harold B. Wells enlisted in the Marine Corps in April, 1938. Before coming into the Corps, Wells' hobby had been photography, so it was natural that he would follow that field in the Corps. This hobby led him to the staff of *Leatherneck Magazine*.

While on his first tour with the magazine, he worked out of the Washington, D. C., offices as Photo Chief.



Photo by GySgt Rod Ayers

1stSgt John Goffe received his orders and well wishes from LtCol J. T. Hill, CO, Headquarters Battalion, HQMC, upon his retirement

During this time, his job took him to such places as Newfoundland, Cuba, and Puerto Rico. Then at the start of the Korean Conflict, Wells was sent to Korea as Photo Chief of the Far East bureau of the magazine. Here, he shot pictures of the Marines in action, including the truce and repatriation of POWs.

Leaving Korea, he served in California as staff photographer of the West Coast bureau of *Leatherneck*.

He held this post for three years and then left the magazine staff and became NCO in charge of the Marine Corps Base Photo Lab at Camp Pendleton, where he remained until his retirement.

Earlier in his career, Wells spent nearly four years with the Navy Medical Field Research Laboratory at Marine Corps Base, Camp Lejeune, as NCO in charge of their photo lab.

While there, he photographed operations, autopsies, and research projects. He assisted in developing new techniques for photographing many research projects. One of his contributions was a 35-mm. photograph frame from skin diseases and another was a pin-pointed light source for oral photography.

Wells and his family plan to remain in Santa Ana, Calif., until their plans for the future have been determined.

Placed on Retired List

BERGREN, Orville V.	Col
HOOPER, Marshall J.	Col
TAPELLETT, Robert D.	Col
CERMAK, Frank J.	Col
COUTTS, Lloyd G.	LtCol
FLEISNER, Wallace G.	LtCol
GRAY, Robert H.	LtCol
MILNE, Harry T.	LtCol
BOTT, James J.	Maj
BOWLER, John A.	Maj
CARTER, Ray N.	Maj
KRONBERG JR, William A.	Maj
LEFFLER, Benjamin	Maj
MAY, Charles H.	Maj
MOUVERY, George J.	Maj
SCOFIELD, Paul C.	Maj
ALCORN, Murrie G.	Capt
BARNIDGE JR, James L.	Capt
D'ANGELO, John D.	Capt
MARTIN, Clarence R.	Capt
SMITH, Frederick W.	Capt
STALEY, Newbern B.	Capt
BALES, Harold L.	CWO-4
AKERS, Millard C.	CWO-3
CANTRELL, Dennis M.	CWO-3
TROMETTER, Robert E.	CWO-3

Placed on Temporary Disability Retired List

GALVIN, Edward F.	1stLt
JOHNSON, David C.	2dLt

Placed on Regular Retired List (30 Years)

MONTGOMERY, James R.	225755	2111
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Transferred to Fleet Marine Corps Reserve

CALLAHAN, Frank T.	257202	9999
COOPER, Louis M.	283679	9999
DITTBENNER, Kenneth R.	287712	9999
HARWARD, Theron	302091	9999
HOTCHKISS, Mehrl A.	267698	9999



Official USMC Photo
MSgt H. B. Wells traveled the globe while pursuing his Marine Corps photo career

MC KENNA, Harold G.	302543	9999
THOMAS, Ernest	297861	9999
WHITBY, Ellwood P.	281449	0211

E-8

ARNDT, Harold L.	291498	1841
BLUE, Joseph R.	269825	0398
BUNCH, Luther H.	275940	3098
CARLSON, Astor R.	288026	0398
CLARK, James A.	280630	0398
HUBER, David W.	249257	6498
KAFURA, Julius J.	289080	2561
KING, James O.	278907	0398
NEWELL JR, James	267894	3098
PARKS, Robert L.	270033	0398
SCEPANSKI, John J.	287639	3098
SCHULTZ, Clement D.	288412	0398
WAITS, James R.	253758	6412
WALKER, George J.	269823	6498
WARLICK, Frank K.	289326	3516
WESTFALL, Philip R.	289327	3049
WHELAN, Charles P.	269768	2561
WILLIAMSON, Boyce M.	275728	0398

E-7

ANDERSON JR, George	300778	6413
BALSAM, Stuart S.	273408	6412
BECK, James R.	302558	3371
BROWN, Marvin A.	266986	3049
BURKHART, Duane A.	294547	3349
BUSS, George E.	298506	1169
CALDWELL JR, Leslie G.	296186	2111
CARTER, George W.	298211	3049
CONNOR, Ralph L.	286915	6761
CRUMPACKER, Lloyd E.	290953	1169
CUTRIGHT, John W.	302873	0171
DANIS, Marcel L.	300271	3537
DEFUSCO, Angelo C.	281242	0369
DELK, John H.	287258	3516
DEN BLEYKER, Donald	301883	3371
DEROSIERS, Joseph O.	288232	3349
DILBECK JR, Roy L.	291111	0141
ELLA, Joseph A.	294331	0369
ENDRICH, Samuel	302689	3537
EVERETT, Grady T.	265942	0369
FARRELL JR, Raymond J.	284477	0141
FRANTZ, Albert W.	284295	1841
GATEWOOD, Martin A.	280410	0848
GELZHISER, Donald P.	284490	0761
GILLIGAN, John J.	294506	1841
GRYGIEL, Frank	259843	6412
GUSTAFSON, Theodore B.	245039	3516
HALBOHM, John A.	301167	0141
HAMMONS, Vernon	280722	0369
HART, Archie C.	291337	6441
HEBERT, George W.	281904	0141
HENDRICKSON, Alger G.	281860	2111
HENZ, Dale M.	268756	0141
HOLLEY, Homer H.	286967	3371
HOOVER JR, Dwight F.	286893	6442
IRBY, William A. L.	286212	6614
JANSSON, Clayton L.	278437	4611
JOHNSON, Henrick W.	301364	6481
JONES, Francis M.	285919	3371
JURACKO JR, John D.	253680	0141
KEARNS, James W.	270575	1169

E-6

KOZLOWSKI JR, Stanley	288909	6417
LANIER, Rufus	268993	3371
LEGGETT, Raymond E.	249705	0141
LEWIS, "J" "C"	287206	1349
LITCHFIELD, Raymond T.	276911	2529
LLOYD, Frank W.	270619	0121
MAHONEY, Walter M.	229551	0369
MALETZ, Max	300991	0369
MAXWELL, Heber D.	284426	4671
MC LAMB, Warren "G"	303146	4029
MC LEROY, Guy	243884	6412
MILLSAP, Gerald D.	337818	3061
MONKS, William "C"	302660	3349
MONTGOMERY, Clarence R.	1020589	6412
MONTRUCCHIO, Alfred G.	288640	1831
MULLINS, Glossy	298002	6412
PEARSON, Arnold F.	266846	3349
PECK JR, Harvey E. G.	284992	3049
PETERS, David J.	303258	7113
PETERSON, John H.	271724	0141
PHIPPS, Horace W.	296866	4691
PITTMAN, Tillary F.	263114	3049
PRUITT, George A.	292792	3349
PURCELL, William F.	240639	3049
REIDLAND, Wilburn L.	292793	0369
ROBERTSON, James E.	296733	2131
ROBINSON, Johnnie P.	290156	3349
ROSA, Thomas F.	281272	0369
ROSCH JR, Leon	269386	4691
ROSE, Worth W.	285198	0369
ROWLETT, Curtis S.	290570	3311
SAULNIER, Kendrick B.	294914	7041
SAUM, Gilbert P.	287451	3421
SEABOLT, Wheeler S.	286931	3537
SEPOS, Albert J.	264961	2131
SIEBENHAUSEN, Richard R.	274464	6481
SIMONSON, Stanley W.	300659	6441
SLACK, Harold G.	300111	6441
SOKOLNICKI, Edward J.	288921	6413
SOUCY, Paul A.	288758	6412
SPARKS, Gordon J.	287588	2111
SPERLING, Hugo	289625	2529
STEPHENS, Marlin K.	290315	2639
TAYLOR, Robert E.	288520	3261
UNDERWOOD, Elmer D.	245805	0141
WALKER, Fraser E.	289790	3371
WEAVER, Floyd H.	301061	6413
WELLS, Harold B.	264670	4631
WRIGHT JR, John K.	288483	3049

E-6

BRASWELL, Joe B.	1028257	1371
BREWER, Walter "R"	293155	0369
BRITTAIN, Bernard G.	342304	3371
CLARK, Owen C.	280170	0141
COOPER, George F.	267765	0369
CROCKETT, John L.	266523	6412
CUSARRY, Anthony A.	289665	2171
FELICE, Raymond F.	284916	0300
JACKSON, Warren C.	302469	5544
JONES, Walter L.	294286	3371
KRISLE, William "L"	291507	3516
MARSHALL, James E.	343362	1833
PARANZINO, Nicholas A.	277810	0369
PITTS, Earl E.	294221	3516
PRIOR JR, Albert E.	234954	0431
QUIGLEY, Patrick D.	290204	3537
RESSEAU, Andrew J.	277700	3516
SMITH, Warren H.	282221	4671
STROECKER, Carl F.	287622	3537
VAN LANDINGHAM, John A.	294723	3049
WALKER, Frederick J.	284808	7141
WATTS, Carlton V.	1010391	6413

E-5

GOOLSBY, Fenton W.	283331	3616
RAYMOND JR, Gould B.	268927	3121
WARREN, Sloke	299785	3531

Placed on Temporary Disability Retired List

GILBERT, Robert A.	268991	6498
GOFFE, John Q.	255714	0398
MEARS, William T.	286651	0398
E-7		
ALLOWAY, Robert B.	286583	0369
BRYANT, Jesse H.	278969	0369
EVANS, George F.	285323	0231
GOLDEN, Edward M.	331765	3371
HOOPER, Clyde L.	363973	6412
JOHNS, James T.	303358	3371
POE, Bernard O.	286569	0321

E-6

JONES, Clyde A.	279114	3371
MURPHY, John A.	251225	3537
YOUNGERMAN, Robert L.	286112	3371
E-5		
BURDETTE, George W.	654743	3371
LENAHAN, Joseph F.	803511	1841
MILES, Wilford E.	1379912	3081
NOE, Norman E.	1121046	0141



ASgt Ormand Maloney and ASSgt Robert West (L to R) took AGySgt Fred Price (R), their new

NCOiC, on a tour of Lisbon. Lisbon's port can hold all of the fleets of the world at the same time

EMBASSY MARINES

[continued from page 33]

man. "Hell," said one officer recently, "that's our strength, not a weakness!" Lieutenant Colonel Richard Roach, who recently completed three years as CO of all MSGs, said, shortly before his relief, "Since its inception, the program has placed all its eggs in one basket: we've risked everything on the integrity, the professional skill, the dedication to duty of our Marine NCOs. We've been in business for 12 years now. That proves something, doesn't it?"

Still others contend that the MSG School is too tough, that the "glorified guard duty" MSGs stand doesn't warrant the intensity of the schooling. There is just enough basis in truth to make this argument sound plausible. But it isn't. It may sound phony to say it, but every Marine who graduates from MSG School is as much an American ambassador as if he had been appointed by the President. An example? Suppose, during the course of his glorified guard duty, a Marine, unhappy at being assigned an unexpected watch, vents his anger on the 30 or 40 workers of the "char force" who, nightly, perform the cleaning tasks at the large embassies. Suppose, instead of handing out the keys, he hurls them

at a group, or is arrogant or insulting as he escorts them to their area.

There is no calculating the effects of such conduct when 30 or 40 men and women spread out all over a city to their homes when their work is done. To them, and to their friends, America will not be the Marshall Plan or the Atoms for Peace program. America will be an insolent military man with more brawn than brains, more money than manners. In short, America will be what its enemies say it is.

Glorified guard duty? GySgt Edward Jacklets and his seven-man crew in Geneva, Switzerland, would argue that point. Like many, if not most, MSG Detachments, the Marines are part of the ambassador's official family and attend many social functions as guests. Ed and his Marines have probably met and talked informally with more world statesmen and celebrities from all walks of life in the last six months than the average person would meet in a lifetime.

What about the MSGs themselves, do they have any gripes? Sure they do. Was there ever a Marine worthy of the name who didn't agree with Napoleon when, at the height of his power, he was asked what he wanted from life. His one word answer, "More," is the spur that drives most men onward. Others in other pursuits may yearn for more comfort, more opportunities, more money. A good Marine yearns for more of his three Rs.

Is there one gripe that all MSGs

seem to agree on? Yes! Their gripe is both surprising and heartening: they don't like being "out of touch" with the Marine Corps and Marines. The PFC, cleaning his rifle in a gloomy barracks, on a rainy night, in Lejeune, Pendleton or Okinawa might find that difficult to understand. But, no Marine who has ever served any length of time away from his service will.

And, while there are certain points of agreement between MSGs everywhere, it would be folly to insinuate that MSG duty at each of the 93 Foreign Service posts is much the same. Just as nature never duplicates, and a leaf, no matter how nearly it may look like another on the same branch, can never be identical, so each of the detachments are separate entities with at least as many dissimilarities from the other as resemblances to them.

The most obvious reason why the detachments differ is that their NCOiCs are each individual Marines who are given great leeway by their Regional Marine Officer to implement their own methods of getting the job done.

The largest percentage of the NCOiCs are married and have their families with them. This might sound like the ideal situation unless you consider that one of the most capable, respected NCOiCs in the program is GySgt Louis Roundtree at Rome. It is significant that he is a bachelor who earned the Silver Star in Korea. It is of no significance whatever that he is a negro,

who
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who commands an all-white detachment.

In company with Lou Lowery, whose photographs fill these pages, this writer visited six American Embassies in Europe ranging in size from the large Paris detachment to the small Geneva Guard. Everywhere, MSGs and State Department personnel extended warm hospitality and unstinting cooperation.

At every "Marine House" (where the Marines are billeted) two questions recurred: "Are you trying to get *more* Marines interested in the program?" and "Are you going to do a Post of the Corps about us?"

To the first question, only one answer could be given, "We're trying to get *the best* Marines interested in the program." Enlisted Marines don't have to pussy-foot around with each other. It wasn't necessary to explain to them that there was no implication that they are less than the best. They know that they are among the best or they wouldn't be there. But replacements will be needed.

The Corps is full to overflowing with bright-eyed, bushy-tailed NCOs who could reflect great credit on themselves and the Corps by serving in the MSG program. Many of these men, for reasons of their own, are not pulling out all the stops to get this duty. To them, one thought is worth pondering: any one of our sister services would probably be more than happy to relieve the Marine Corps in this duty if the

burden of supplying high-quality personnel should prove too much for us.

In response to the second question about Posts of the Corps, it was explained that an overall story was being written, that an attempt would be made to incorporate general information about all the detachments.

If this, and the installment that preceded it last month, has stimulated thinking about the program, the initial intent of this series has been served. But there is no denying that a mountain of notes taken at all hours under all conditions at great inconvenience to MSGs of all ranks, has been omitted from the final text because of the vastness of the scope of this program.

This, then, is by way of apology to the fine gang at London who will surely understand that there simply wasn't space to tell of their recent monumental move from their old site to their brand new Embassy across Grosvenor Square.

Our regrets, too, to Paris for not explaining why few MSGs watch French TV (watching a pow-wow in an antique Western can be a somewhat frustrating experience when the old chief talks to the Indian Scout in flawless French! There, we got it in).

We're sorry we couldn't include the anecdote about how the young, irreverent, female American secretaries have started a conspiracy of fun by greeting the popular NCOiC, Gunnery Ed Jacklets, with, "Hi, Big Daddy!" every time he pops his head out of the office. No

one, least of all Ed, who hasn't met half the girls, knows where the nickname began. But, of course, that has no place in this story.

Nor could we logically include any mention of Rome's Gunny, "Luigi" Roundtree's personal ambition. He grew up in an Italian neighborhood in Philadelphia and now, approaching the end of his MSG duty, he looks forward to going home on leave and dazzling the neighbors with his new-found, near-perfect command of the Italian language.

Space limitations preclude any reference to the recent transfer back to his first love, the FMF, of a fine Marine, former NCOiC, MSGt Dwight W. Mace. Dwight hopes that his return to Camp Pendleton will break his eight- and 10-year-old sons of the disconcerting habit of talking in their sleep—in Spanish!

And, lastly, our regrets to Lisbon, whose scrappy, happy 10-man crew sees no reason whatever why a separate Post of the Corps story shouldn't be written about them.

Actually, there isn't, and perhaps one day one will be written.

Each of the detachments is, in a very real sense, a Post of the Corps—an "Outpost," if you will—where the highest traditions of our service are constantly on display before the population of the country in which they are serving.

"Glorified guard duty?"

Hardly.

END



Dan Cupid nicked ASgt Paul J. Faber and Karin Wiencke in Iceland last year. When Faber was

shifted to Madrid's embassy, Karin followed and they were married before returning to the States



Submitted by Irving Fine

Donkey Polo, with brooms as mallets, was a scheduled event for teams composed of NCOs and Privates



Submitted by Maj J. Vanderhoff (Retd.)

American, Italian and British NCOs posed together for this Nov. 11, 1932 photo at the NCO Club, Peking, China

CORPS ALBUM

HERE ARE some more of the Old Corps photos which we will print as a regular feature. *Leatherneck* will pay \$15.00 for old photos of this type accepted for publication. Please include date, outfit, or any other available identification. Mail your Old Corps photos to CORPS ALBUM EDITOR, *Leatherneck Magazine*, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. All photos will be returned.

From time to time, readers have requested information about the Corps Album photos we have printed. The following list of names and addresses of this month's contributors will make it possible for readers to write directly to the owners of the pictures for identification or information not contained in the captions.

Irving Fine
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Camp Pendleton, Calif.



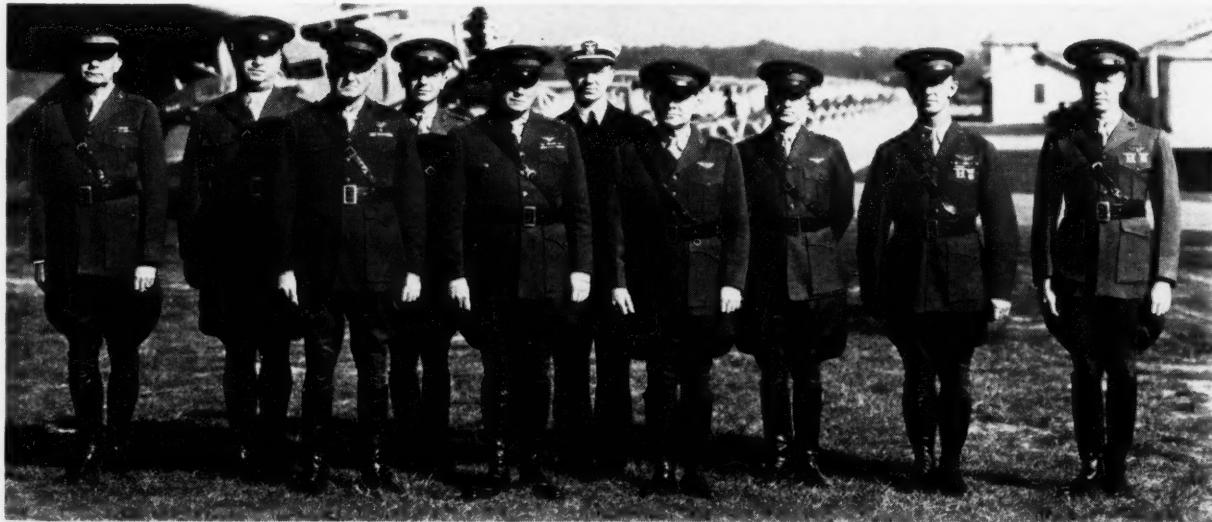
Submitted by Marshall D. Dobson

Winners of the City Bowling Championship in Shanghai posed in front of the Fourth Marines Hq. with their athletic officer, Capt C. B. Cates



Submitted by Raymond T. Darling

Marines from Headquarters Company, wearing both "old" and "new" cap covers, posed near the Quartermaster Compound in Peking, China



Submitted by Capt Robert B. Greene

Ass't CMC LtGen J. C. Munn (4th from left) served on staff of Col Roy S. Geiger (5th from left) at Quantico in 1936

BOOKS REVIEWED

HOLD HIGH THE TORCH: A History of the 4th Marines, by Kenneth W. Condit and Edwin T. Turnbladh. Illustrated, bibliography and indexed. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

Price \$2.50

Hold High the Torch, the first in a series of regimental and squadron histories in preparation by the Historical Branch, G-3 Division, HQMC, is designed primarily as a history of the 4th Marines, past and present.

In many of its combat operations, the 4th Marines was only one element of a much larger force. During most of its existence the regiment was not engaged in active military operations,

but service of the regiment in China, the Dominican Republic, and of the west coast of Mexico, was typical of the Marine Corps' support of national policy. In some of the instances, as in the Dominican Republic and China, the regiment was a subordinate unit in situations which were essentially political and diplomatic.

The book is a must for Marines whether they are the "Old Breed" or the "New Breed." This is the Marine Corps, from the Old China days to the present, as a unit of the 1st Marine Brigade.

Colonel Charles W. Harrison, head of the Historical Branch (when the book was started) conceived the regimental history program and edited the final manuscript. Many veterans of the 4th Marines contributed to the book by commenting on preliminary drafts

or through interviews with the Historical Branch.

Both authors are Civil Service historians at HQMC. They have turned out a highly readable book. The 388 pages of the text are supported by 33 maps, 32 pages of photographs, and 69 pages of appendixes, bibliography and index.

B. M. Rosoff

GUIDE FOR THE MILITARY WRITER, by John W. Gause. Military Service Division, The Stackpole Co., Harrisburg, Pa. Price \$3.95

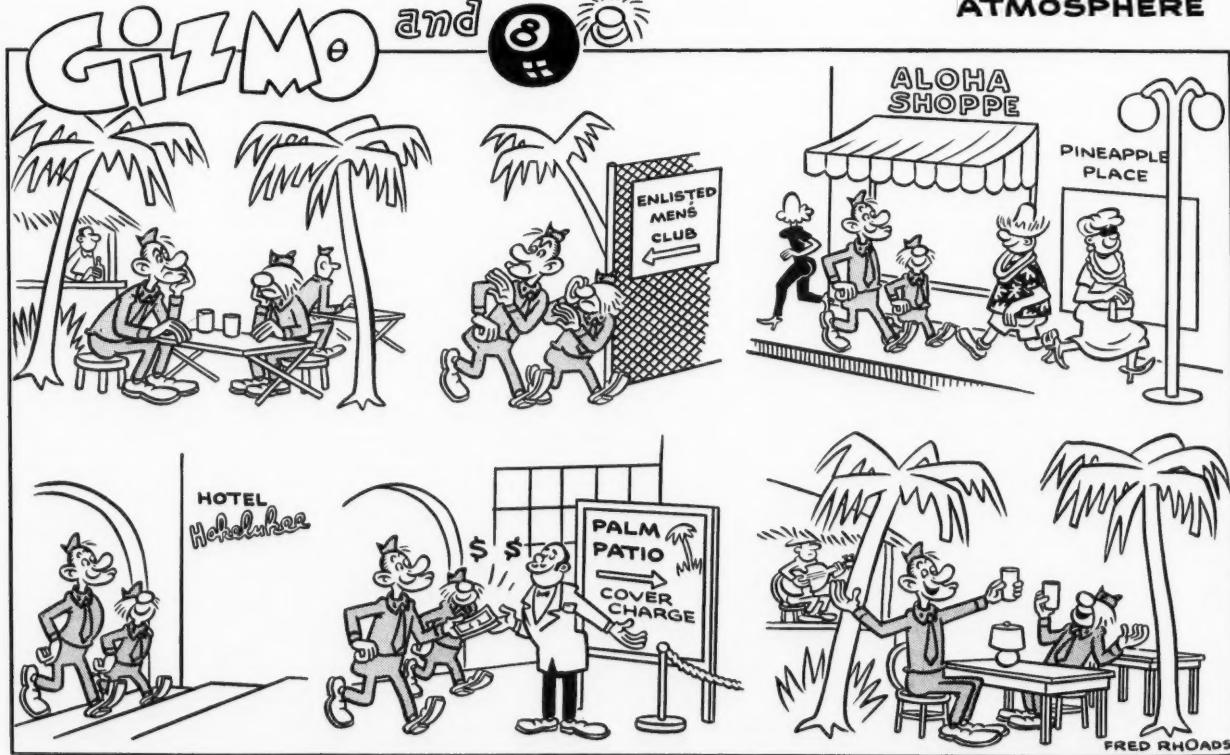
This book was written for the people throughout the services who must write letters, forms and directives as a part of their daily work.

The book, which runs the gamut from sentence structure to letter-writing style, fills the long-felt gap between English classes and correspondence manuals.

Guide for the Military Writer will not make Winchells or Hemingways, but it will give the uninitiated a good idea of what is expected by newspapers and other media, and it should make correspondence easier to write and easier to read.

Roy Heitman
END

ATMOSPHERE



CONCORD

[continued from page 73]

are some distance from NAD, the Marine Exchange stocks a limited supply of dairy and pastry products.

Civilian rentals are available locally, but rents were considered high. "The reason you see so many brown lawns is because water is expensive," 1stSgt MacLean said. "It's not unusual to pay \$18 or more every 30 days during the Summer months."

Out-patient care is handled locally at the Navy dispensary, while more serious cases are referred to Oak Noll Naval Hospital, about 25 miles away. Grammar and high school are near at hand, in addition to junior colleges. Many of the Concord Marines are enrolled in off-duty courses.

Concord has a mild climate and no extreme changes in temperature. The topography has many variations within short distances, including low valleys, moderate rolling hills and steep, rugged areas. The Chamber of Commerce boasts that it is a community for "shirt-sleeved suburban living."

NAD Concord has a desirable location. It is served by railroads, a waterfront and several all-weather highways. Its importance to the Armed Forces and Mutual Defense Assurances nations needs no explanation. The monetary assistance to the immediate communities is brought to light by the command strength. There are at present approximately 1100 civilian employees and 350 military personnel working at



Concord. The military and civilian payrolls amount to more than seven million dollars annually. Further financial support is furnished to the area through the military payroll paid to the crews of the nine ammunition ships which home port at NAD, Concord.

The Marine responsibility at NAD, Concord, is almost immeasurable. The Depot is the main supply agency for the entire Pacific Fleet and is the principal tidewater ammunition facility on the West Coast in support of all armed services throughout the Pacific. They take extreme pride in their responsibilities of crime prevention, traffic control and law enforcement. **END**

Gyrene Gyngles

Double Jeopardy

We all lined up
In two single files,
Both sides of the road extended for miles.
Spit-shined boots
And a load on our back,
Not light marching, but a field transport pack.
We started the hike,
A grin on our face,
A full thirty miles at a fast clipping pace.
Combat Marines
Just out for a walk,
Lo and behold, there's a hole in my sock.
We stroll right along
At route step march,
All U. S. Marines are made out of starch.
Ten miles gone, that sun is sure hot,
I'm sweating so much I'm sure gonna drop.
Fifteen miles,
Over half the way there,
Hope we are met with a soft easy chair.
Twenty miles,
We're heading downhill,
The night sets in and along comes chill.
Twenty-five miles,
Won't this hike end?
I now have two holes, one in each sock to mend.
Twenty-eight miles,
Two more to go,
Those men up front are sure walking slow.
Twenty-nine miles,
One more—last lap,
If I had the strength, I surely would clap.
Half-mile left,
I thought with a frown,
Sure am tired—would like to lie down.
There it is,
Our terminal point,
We all stopped marching, an ache in each joint.
The word was passed
Up and down the line,
We made this march, breaking record time.
We all gave a grin,
It could have been seen,
It was really nothing for a U.S. Marine.
But then with a shout,
Our grins turned slack,
Turn about face, we're all running back.
SSgt Warren E. Poore

Secret

Avoid the path of "good enough."
Make every effort "best."
And then produce a little more
Before you think of rest.
Take every problem in your stride.

Shrink not from any chore.
This is the secret of success
In life and in our Corps.

1stLt John T. Beatty

The Sergeant Major's Lament

Oh, woe is me for the merry life
I led within the Corps;
Oh, woe the great, fulfilling days,
They're gone forever more.



Oh, woe is me for troop and drill,
For calisthenics, too;
Oh, woe for troop formations,
And endless "turning to."

Ramrods and pungent linseed oil;
Cheesecloth and target frames;
Smudge pots, score books, and cleaning
racks;
Crosswinds, and "Qual-Day" rains.

Sunset parades, the week's review,
"Squads left" and "Right about;"
The "Wan, tup, reep . . . Reep, po, y'laft,"
I miss, beyond a doubt.

Woe for the new lands, new friends to
greet,
Exotic sounds and sights;
The bitter cold of northern gale,
And balmy tropic nights.

No landings e'er again to make,
No beachheads or attacks;
No more cry of "Down all nets!"
No more the "Up all racks!"

Gone are the clothing lay-outs;
Dead are the bugle's notes;
No more the checking out on leave;
No liberty . . . No boats!

Oh, woe the day I mustered out . . .
I should have "shipped" again;
I rue my choice of stepping down
From "Top" to "Lonely Man."

SSgt Ralph W. Deaver

BANANA WARS

[continued from page 43]

included 40 Marines and 20 *Guardias*, advancing from Telpaneca. It was then believed that Sandino had anywhere from 200 to 500 men. In fact, he had more than a thousand.

At 0930, 30 December, while the Livingston column toiled forward along abominable trails about a mile south of Quilalí, beside the Jicaro River, a with Lt Richal, the most seriously fire, punctuated by the thud of dynamite bombs, burst from both sides of the defile and ahead. Capt Livingston fell wounded in the first volley, and First Lieutenant M. J. Gould assumed command.

The bandits—afterward estimated at 400—were entrenched in foxholes with regular parapets, on rising ground parallel to the trail. A machine gun ahead was intended to enfilade the trail, but, Marines thanked God, had been improperly laid, and mostly cut vines to the side.

Despite heavy casualties in the first fire, the Marines got their own machine guns into action while a flanking party of riflemen worked around the end of the bandits' long line of foxholes. As this group began to roll up the enemy line, the outlaws broke and retired. The fight ended as suddenly as it had begun.

Short as it had been, the ambush hurt. Five Marines and two *Guardias* were killed. Twenty-three Marines and two *Guardias* were wounded, eight seriously. Under Lt Gould, the column, with its dead and wounded, made its way into Quilalí to await junction with the Richal patrol.

Less than four hours afterward, Sandino struck his first blow at the column from Telpaneca. At 1255 a group of 50 bandits opened rifle and pistol fire on Richal's point at an awkward spot where the trail was steep and narrow. There was a 20-minute fire fight in which one Marine was seriously wounded, and three bandit dead were counted. Then the patrol resumed their advance.

Next day, almost exactly 24 hours later, Lt Richal's column reached Sapotillal Ridge; Quilalí was six miles away. At a trail junction known as Las Cruces, no distance from where Lt O'Shea's little patrol had nearly been annihilated two months before, the bandits hit hard. With a strength of at least 350 and several machine guns, they not only opened fire but actually charged the Marine advance guard, momentarily forcing them back

and—a grievous loss—killing *Guardia* Lieutenant (First Sergeant USMC) Thomas G. Bruce, one of the heroes of Ocotal, where he had won the Navy Cross. The bandits dragged off Bruce's body, mutilated it, and stripped it of his gear; Sandino later boasted that he carried Bruce's field glasses.

Lt Richal, aided by GySgt Edward G. Brown, built up a base of fire with a 37-mm. gun, a Stokes mortar, and a machine gun. While getting the machine gun into action, Richal was shot in the head by a bullet which took out his left eye and went through his nose, missing the right eye by a hair's breadth.



With Bruce dead and Richal wounded, GySgt Brown took command and launched an attack which ultimately gained Las Cruces hill, a commanding knoll from which the bandits had originally charged. Here, completely surrounded, with one dead and four wounded, the patrol grimly dug in to fight it out. Fortunately they had a primitive field radio set with which they could raise Quilalí. Lt Gould immediately sent out a relief party of 43 Marines, commanded by First Lieutenant Robert G. Hunt.

Had it not been for aviation's help, there is no telling how the affair might have ended. Marine air patrols established cover for the Richal group, and broke up two renewed bandit attacks on 1 January. Next day they repeated the performance until, at 1415, Hunt's reinforcements arrived, and, with continual air cover, the beleaguered patrol struggled into Quilalí, which the bandits promptly surrounded.

The situation was now critical. The badly mauled force at Quilalí—"an aggregation of shacks," Lejeune later described it—had 30 wounded, 11 seriously, including the two original patrol commanders. The senior officer present was a lieutenant. Sandino had them surrounded, under fire, and greatly outnumbered. It was a miniature Dien Bien Phu.

After a survey of Quilalí from the air, Maj Rowell concluded that an air-

plane might, just might, land in the now abandoned town's main street (actually a trail leading up the mountain ravine in which Quilalí is located), provided certain houses were demolished. Engineer tools were dropped, and, while the Quilalí garrison set to work under fire on a kind of airstrip, the aviation mechs at Managua rigged an 02U-1 biplane with old type DH landing gear, which the pilots considered best for such a field. By 6 January, Quilalí's main street was a fire-swept, chuck-holed airfield 100 feet wide and 500 feet long. All that was needed was a pilot with sufficient intrepidity to try it out.

First Lieutenant Christian F. Schilt volunteered.

As the 02U-1 had no brakes, he would have to rely on Marines to hang onto the wings and keep him from nosing over into the deep ravine which yawned menacingly at the downwind end of the street.

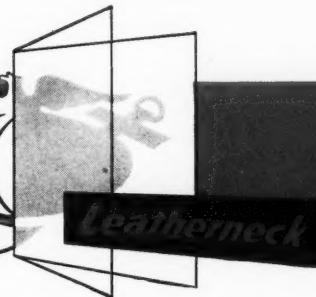
In the three days, 6-8 January 1928, Lt Schilt made 10 flights into Quilalí. He brought in a relief commander, Captain Roger W. Peard, and a total of 1400 pounds of emergency medical supplies and provisions. Beginning with Lt Richal, the most seriously wounded, Schilt flew out 18 casualties, most of whom would not have survived evacuation by mule-back. On the eighth landing, the 02U's tailskid assembly collapsed; on the next, the center section struts bent badly. But one more trip had to be made, and somehow Schilt did it. On this, as in the preceding nine landings and take-offs, there was continuous enemy fire. For this superb airmanship, and for equally superb heroism, Lt Schilt was awarded the Medal of Honor.

Quilalí was relieved—but what now? Sandino had clearly inflicted a defeat—a series of defeats, in fact—which was only stopped short of a disaster by the discipline and fighting qualities of individual Marines—and by the repeated intervention of aviation. From *La Fortaleza*, the bandit leader, profiting from repeated underestimates on the part of the U. S. forces, could well afford to be pleased with the state of affairs.

Meanwhile, Capt Peard, in accordance with new plans, grimly led the Quilalí force back to San Albino, a mining town far better suited for a base of operations, and here, on 11 January, Major Archibald Young arrived with 60 more Marines and orders to resume operations against *El Chipote*.

(to be continued)

Part II of The Last Banana War
will appear in our
November issue.



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